

COMMENT OF THE DAY

Cadres Revolt

BEHIND the verbiage of the resolution adopted by the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party which, among other things, demands the purging of "dangerously arrogant Party leaders" and the expulsion of cadres who are "wilfully sabotaging party unity," can be discerned the fear, if not the realization, that all is not going well with the much-lauded "reform" programmes which the Peking regime has already imposed, or is attempting to impose, on the Chinese peasants. The latest aim is to persuade the peasants to make sacrifices to the industrial cities—a task which even the leaders of the Party, let alone the indoctrinated cadres, find extremely difficult. The plan is to multiply both the mutual aid and the producer co-operatives, but because of the peasants' traditional sense of independence, it is only painfully evolving from a blueprint into actuality. The line taken has been to try and impress on the people the necessity of strengthening the alliance between the workers and peasants so that the people's State power and its industrial concomitant can be fully maintained. What the Party leaders appear to have overlooked was the possibility of even their own peasant cadres baulking at a proposal which amounted to "blood, sweat, toil and tears" by the agrarian population without compensation. Taking further complicated its own problem by earlier trying to induce the peasants to believe that their worst enemies were the merchants who always manipulated agricultural prices to suit their purpose and at the expense of the land workers. The peasant was invited to contrast the vice of selling his products to the unscrupulous merchant with the virtue of selling—to the State. For reasons not difficult to understand, the peasants refused to respond enthusiastically to this blandishment, and the next official move was the cautious inauguration of the producer co-operatives. It is the latest phase in the Communist Party's struggle for control of and supremacy over the peasantry, but the party line is not so easily applied in the rural areas, and what the Central Committee calls "sabotage" is in reality revolt against its unpopular impositions.

BIG THREE STATEMENT ON POLICY OF DEFENCE

Chesney Suicide Girl Friend Released By The Police

Cologne, Feb. 19. Police here tonight released Sonia Winickes, 32-year-old German girl friend of John Ronald Chesney after holding her for almost 24 hours for questioning about Chesney's suicide four days ago.

Chesney shot himself in a secluded wood outside Cologne. Scotland Yard had wanted to question him about the murder last week of his wife, Isabel, and her mother in an Ealing old people's home in London.

Sonia Winickes returned to her father's home at Dueren, in the Rhineland, a police spokesman said. She was questioned by two Scotland Yard men, Detective Superintendent Wilfred Daws and Detective Sergeant F. Chadbury, and two senior German police officials.

She was detained at Dueren police station last night and driven to Cologne.

A few days after the Ealing murder, Sonia Winickes was seen in Dueren and other Rhineland towns with Chesney, with whom she had been friendly since 1951. They met in a Cologne nightclub where she was working as a barmaid.

British detectives were questioning her in an attempt to find out Chesney's exact movements at the time of the murder.

A family friend said the tall, blue-eyed girl, whose father keeps a small food shop in Dueren, frequently made trips in Germany and abroad with Chesney.

Twice she went to England, where they wanted to marry and settle down after Chesney's divorce became final, the friend said.

Sonia Winickes was alone all this morning with Detective Superintendent Daws and Detective Sergeant Chadbury and two senior German police officials. This afternoon, Mr Daws appeared at the door of the interrogation room and asked reporters waiting in the corridor to leave the building. They were quickly ushered out.

Her 23rd Child

Tiverton, Rhode Island, Feb. 19. Mrs. Rene Demello, 40-year-old wife of an unemployed farmer, became a mother for the 23rd time in 25 years of marriage with the birth yesterday of her eighth successive daughter. —China Mail Special.

350 Miners Sacked

Shotts, Nankarkshire, Feb. 19. All 350 miners of the Northfield Colliery here were sacked today by the Scottish Division of the National Coal Board for using "go slow" action.

Notices of dismissal were put in the men's pay packets and the colliery manager posted a placard at the pithead which read: "The National Coal Board regret that due to restriction of effort by the majority of the piece-workers at the colliery, they have been left with no alternative but to serve seven days' notice on all employees except certain maintenance workers."

A go slow campaign has been in operation at the pit which lost £60,000 last year. —Reuter.

A Week Of Strikes Ends

Rome, Feb. 19. Italy's week of industrial and agricultural strikes, organised by the Communist-led General Confederation of Labour, ended today with a total of five killed and scores of people injured.

In Sicily, a 24-hour strike, ordered for today, in protest against the deaths of four of the victims, who died in clashes with the police on Wednesday, completely failed with only an estimated four per cent of workers staying away from their jobs.

Meanwhile, the debate of the new Italian Government's programme, which Prime Minister Mario Scelba presented to Parliament yesterday, began today in the Senate.

It is expected that the Senate debate will last for about a week and will end with Signor Scelba's first vote of confidence—which he is expected to gain by a small majority.

If the Senators give their approval, the debate then goes before the Chamber of Deputies, where Signor Scelba was shouted down by left-wing members when he presented his programme yesterday.

A group of 40 Communist peasants near Viterbo today sent their Party membership cards to the Secretary of the local Christian Democrat Party branch asking him to be admitted to the Party in gratitude for the new agrarian reforms. —Reuter.

Calcutta Arrests

Calcutta, Feb. 19. The police made several arrests in North Calcutta today after home-made bombs had been thrown from roof tops. No one was hurt.

A military patrol joined the police in helping to disperse Left Wing demonstrators who tried to stage a meeting in sympathy with striking school teachers. —France-Press.

Will Develop System On Which Survival Depends

London, Feb. 20. Britain, France and the United States today told the world that they intend to develop "the system of defence on which their survival depends" following the failure of the Berlin conference to solve the German and Austrian question.

In a statement agreed by the three Western Foreign Ministers before they left Berlin and released simultaneously in their own capitals today, the three Ministers defended the Western security system and claimed that Soviet security proposals would have involved its dissolution.

The statement said that the Soviet plan for European security "would have involved the dissolution of the Western security system, while the military power of the Soviet bloc in Europe remained intact."

The three Western powers reaffirmed their interest in the security of Berlin. They said "as regards Berlin, the three Governments reaffirm their abiding interest in the security of the city as expressed in the tripartite declaration of May 27, 1952. They will do all in their power to improve the conditions in Berlin and to promote the economic welfare of the city."

The Western statement said that the three Governments would continue to strive for German reunification and the conclusion of an Austrian state treaty, and would, in the meantime, seek means of easing the burden of the present deadlock on the two countries concerned.

In each case, the Western statement lays the blame for this deadlock on Soviet policy at the Berlin conference.

The full text of the three-power statement said: "The major problem facing the Berlin conference was that of Germany. The three Western delegations urged that the reunification of Germany should be achieved through free elections leading to the creation of an all-German Government, with which a peace treaty could be concluded."

"They put forward a practical plan to this effect. Their proposals were not accepted by the Soviet delegation even as a basis for discussion, and they were forced to the conclusion that the Soviet Government is not now ready to permit free all-German elections or to abandon its control over Eastern Germany."

"The three Western Governments will continue their efforts to achieve German reunification in freedom and by peaceful means. In the meantime, they have suggested certain measures which could reduce the effect of the present division of Germany and its consequences for Berlin."

PROPOSAL

"They have proposed that the three High Commissioners should study these questions with the Soviet High Commissioner."

"As regards Berlin, the three Governments reaffirm their abiding interest in the security of the city as expressed in the tripartite declaration of May 27, 1952. They will do all in their power to improve conditions in Berlin, and to promote the economic welfare of the city."

"The three Western Ministers did the utmost to secure agreement upon the Austrian state treaty. They accepted the

STROMBOLI AGAIN IN ERUPTION



Kidnapped Boy Found Safe And Sound

Santiago, Cuba, Feb. 19. The police announced tonight that Facunio Bacardi, eight-year-old scion of the Bacardi rum family, who was kidnapped this morning, has been found safe and sound.

The police said the boy was found in the suburb of Melgarejo. They did not give details of his recovery immediately.

The authorities were holding the family chauffeur on suspicion of being implicated in the kidnapping of the boy in a \$50,000 ransom plot.

Preceded by violent earth tremors and a rain of ashes, lava began to pour out of the Stromboli volcano, Palermo, Italy recently. The inhabitants of the three small fishing villages in the area were greatly alarmed at the eruption, but fortunately the lava followed its normal course, down to the sea, and by-passing the villages. —London Express.

Next Move Up To Ho

Saloon, Feb. 19. The French Commissioner-General in Indo-China, M. Maurice Dejean, today stated that the next move was up to Ho Chi-minh, if the Vietnamese desired peace in Indo-China.

M. Dejean said that if there were to be direct negotiations, it was up to the rebel leader to "formulate direct and official proposals, if he wants, them to be considered."

M. Dejean said he did not think it would be possible to conclude rapid negotiations with the Vietnamese either through direct dealings with Ho Chi-minh or international consultations because of the present equilibrium in Indo-China.

The best way of working for peace would be to improve the French Union's military position in Indo-China and intensify efforts towards this end. "The harder we fight, the better our chances for eventual peace," he declared. —France-Press.

Sights Comet Wreckage

Aboard the Sea Salvor, Feb. 19. A diver in an observation turret at 70 fathoms today obtained the first direct sighting of the wreckage of the British Comet jetliner which crashed in the sea off Elba last month with a loss of 35 lives.

The diver, Mr John Galpin, said the wreckage was five feet wide and 12 feet long, and was standing about five feet off the bottom.

He counted seven ribs along the piece.

Mr Galpin was brought to the surface after a heavy snorer had been dropped alongside the wreckage and a marconi periscope lens sent down.

This television lens is designed for close inspection and has an all-round adjustable view. —Reuter.

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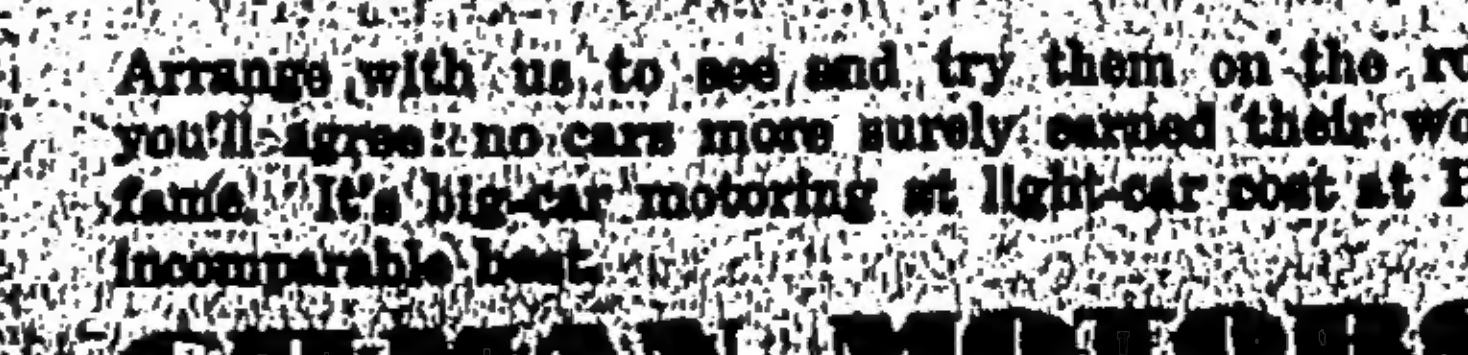


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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By MARGARET BRUCE

A cross-section view of the current presentations in the Colony is a faintly diaphanous panorama, "KING OF THE KHYBER RIFLES" is on, it is true, one of the big, showy films, but — now in its third week — it is scarcely new.

If you are considering a visit to the pictures and have not already seen "KING OF THE KHYBER RIFLES" it is probably your best bet. This Indian Western provides at least the value of Cinemascope and it is a magnificent spectacle with a sufficiently dramatic theme to make it exciting.

The love story isn't, but it does add laughs if not beauty. And even if the end is easily predictable the route taken to get there is sensational and Tyrone Power's performance is distinctive enough to maintain interest in this grim fable of the British Raj.

There is also the comedy, if somewhat stolid, Michael Rennie. This film is showing at the ROXY & BROADWAY.

If, as is threatened, it comes off within the next few days it will be replaced by a film of a gentle nature which I enjoyed very much but many do not agree with me, "RETURN TO PARADISE".

The other marathon runner, at the CAPITOL and LIBERTY, Esther Williams' "EASY TO LOVE," finished before I thought it would and has been replaced by "GIVE A GIRL A BREAK".

OUT OF FOCUS

This technicolor musical starts off with the advantage of having an original idea behind its plot. Unfortunately this becomes so befuddled in narrative choreography that it rambles a bit out of focus.

The scheme of the thing is roughly the competition between three girls for the starring role in one of those elaborate Broadway productions only possible on the silver screen — and a wide one at that.

The unusual twist is that all three are equally attractive and talented in the eyes of the management, and nature has to intervene in a faintly impertinent manner before the — to my way of thinking — wrong dancer is allowed to assume the role.

Marge and Gower Champion and Debbie Reynolds have the principal parts and the third competitor is a recruit from Broadway called Helen Wood, a dancer of grace and personality, particularly in the ballet sequence.

TWO UNRELIEVED

I love dancing in films myself, but here it is rather too unrelieved. Everybody does it and I longed for a really good singer.

Mind you, they all put over songs but that, of course, is something else again. There is plenty of gaiety and, as we have come to expect from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, well-staged numbers, but no striking tunes. Nothing that could be considered in any way a hit song!

The standard of dancing is very high and this is particularly so in the case of the Champions.

Once more they prove themselves a captivating and sparkling team in the very best sense of the word, though I believe they themselves detect the expression, conjuring up, as it does, a vision of a sleek gentleman whose cross-shoulder measurements coincide with his height and an over-accentuated waistline a little low down, every-thing in a spotlight as a South American rhythm with a slightly painted and spangled girl in his arms.

From the Champions we have come to look for a sparkling dancing of an original and vital character. It is certainly evident here, though the music is a little old-fashioned and the dancing is a little old-fashioned.

Debbie Reynolds, the GI's dream girl, has a bouncy teenage charm with innocence looming in each maccaroni eye and lingering on painted lips.

WITH DIGNITY

There will follow MGM's first 3-Dimension Western, "ARENA." As such I imagine it will have a successful run in the Colony, although a percentage of the audience, whilst readily 'living' the romance (such pretty girls! You can practically put your arms around them!) may object to 'living' the thrills of bronco-busting, and remaining a sitting-target for the hurtling missiles — and there are many new ones — used to advantage.

The story here is slight. The hero is a rodeo-star whose wife tries to persuade him to give up his dangerous occupation while he is still on top, both of his career and his horse.

They become estranged and the cowboy turns to the super-ficial, if rather more obvious, charms of another girl, until one day he has to watch a former bronco-buster, reduced to working in the arena as a clown, killed by a vicious Brahma Bull.

As it is a prospect that must have presented itself to him before, it has an astonishingly acute effect on our hero who retires as quickly as he can with dignity back to the protection of the woman whom he can rely upon to forbid any further Haka.

REMARKABLY TRUE

The KING'S and PRINCESS are showing Cecil B. DeMille's "CLEOPATRA" now and "THE RED BERET" has passed on its successful way.

Although it is only a small exaggeration to wonder whether this version of the ill-famed drama was actually filmed at the time of the Pharaohs, there is remarkable truth in the claim made by the advertisement "the Mid-East Spectacle the World Has Ever Seen".

There is a magnificence that seems to be absent in more modern works. The screen teems with detail and bubbles over with intensity of feeling.

As in all old pictures it has moments of supreme absurdity and melodrama, particularly evident in the love scenes, and yet there is something in Claudette Colbert's performance that holds so much more subtle and strength than Vivien Leigh's porcelain figure which we could refresh our memories with just a week or two ago.

I am aware that this is partly due to Shaw's drawing of the character, only the bud of this mature woman now gracing the screen.

I have also seen both Miss Leigh's Cleopatras on the London Stage and admit that, under Sir Laurence Olivier's direction, she has achieved a weight and an aura of 'femme fatale' in the heavier play; but there was never quite the mystery, the cunning and scheming, the allure and depth of Miss Colbert's portrayal.

And for sheer spectacle, the little show produced at the clasp of a hand for Anthony's benefit makes some musicals look a little like Amateur Hour. It's a captivating caper and full of food for speculation on the value of the third dimension.

IN A HIGH WIND

"WHERE IS ZAZA?" is one of the musicals that is likely to pale by comparison with "PATRICK" in the Colony. But it is dim before being compared with anything of Hollywood's steady diet, repaid and sadly under-represented, makes unattractive viewing. It's a little like Amateur Hour. It's a captivating caper and full of food for speculation on the value of the third dimension.

From the Champions we have come to look for a sparkling dancing of an original and vital character. It is certainly evident here, though the music is a little old-fashioned and the dancing is a little old-fashioned.

arms to a Central American patriot who has been ousted by a dictator.

Anna Sheridan and Zachary Scott are fellow passengers on Mr Ford's ship and are taken as hostages on his getaway and his thrust into Honduras.

Included in this oddly assorted picnic is a group of ruffians, political prisoners in search of a country where they are not "wanted" men.

It will come as no surprise to experienced moviegoers that every tree in the jungle conceals some fresh hazard or horror to compete with, but there are some very exciting scenes regardless. A good adventure tale.

A TRESPASS?

"ALL I DESIRE" will be the next change at the LEE and GREAT WORLD. The star here is Barbara Stanwyck in an unsympathetic but rewarding part that is almost a direct trespass on the Betty Davis preserves.

Miss Stanwyck is, of course, a very good actress and quite at ease in her part which is more than I was while watching it.

Not that it isn't well executed, and if I do not find Miss Stanwyck personable I must remember that most people do. No; it is the story I cannot sympathise with.

Could anything be more full of humbug? Insincerely is splashed in great gouts of white-wash over the checkered career of this prodigal wife?

Surely, if it is to be presented at all, it should be an honest forgone and forget drama. But the insistence on proving this to be a "good" woman, who has lost ten years being skiddaddling with another man and as a second rate actress, having discarded her husband and family!

She returns at the secret invitation of her youngest daughter to watch a school play and deliberately charms them into accepting her once more as wife and mother. All right, good luck to her.

But her former 'friend' (I nearly slipped into the pitfall of the word 'lover') returns and upsets the applecart.

A cynic might consider this a good thing for the family; but there's more to come. During a scuffle with our heroine he is shot, accidentally of course. He survives in order to tell every body that she is "good" and the family settles down to live happily ever after, heaven help them. I am willing to accept all this as quite feasible, and object to nothing but the rosy hue that is superimposed on to this squalid tale.

However, if a nice melodrama is to your taste, here it is. Richard Carlson seemed a nice steady sort of chap, and Margaret O'Sullivan as convinced at least one member of her audience that, as the village schoolteacher, she would have made him the better mate.

TALKING MULE

The next change will see the talking mule and Donald O'Connor back together again in "FRANCIS COVERS THE BIG TOWN." I'll tell you more when I've seen it, not that I'll matter much because, like all slightly slapstick comedies, you can either take them or had better leave them.

It is interesting to see that "THE ROBE" is now being shown at the ORIENTAL, one of our smaller cinemas. It is also surprising, but very pleasing, that it has been brought back so soon after its original showing.

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Interesting News Stories From All Parts of The World

CLASSIC EXAMPLE
OF RED TAPE

Ottawa.

You may think you've tangled with some red tape in your day but hark to the story of an Englishman who was brought to Canada in 1941 by the government itself and yet won't be allowed to take out Canadian citizenship until 1958.

Ronald Judge, personable younger naval architect, is the man. Back in 1936-37, in a shipyard in the North of England, he was one of a team which designed the 10,000-tonners known as Liberty ships.

In September, 1941, he came to Canada to help launch and oversee this country's first Liberty shipbuilding programme. Two years later he found himself busy on the construction of frigates. He joined the Royal Canadian Navy as a constructor lieutenant.

About a year after that, service medical officers discovered he had contracted tuberculosis. He was sent to the naval wing of the sanatorium at Ste. Agathe, Quebec, where he spent 18 months and then for another year 1 portered around Ste. Agathe on my own convalescing.

The treatment given him by the Navy and the Department of Veterans Affairs was "magnificent," Judge said. DVA certified his TB condition as "cured" but "just to make sure, I got an independent opinion from a doctor in Montreal."

In June, 1947, he returned to Ottawa and got a job with the directorate of the naval construction as a "temporary" civil servant. The appointment was made "permanent" later and for six years now, he's been one of the experts who design RCN ships.

After going back to work in 1947, he approached the immigration department about becoming a citizen. They told him he couldn't apply for papers because "I wasn't a landed immigrant" and I was prohibited from being classified as a landed immigrant because of the tuberculosis.

"UNDER REVIEW" Then followed some five years in which X-rays taken by DVA were channelled to the immigration department. They would have to examine the plates on their own. Judge kept getting "deferments for a year" and notifications containing "Mr. Judge's status is under review" over the five-year stretch.

In August, 1953, he gained immigrant status. Ah, but then the health and welfare department appeared on the scene. He was told he must have more chest X-rays taken since he was a "newly-landed immigrant" who had been a TB victim.

Another five years must pass before he would be eligible to again seek citizenship. His case, it was understood, was brought to the attention of Prime Minister St. Laurent in April, 1948, when the latter was external Affairs Minister. But rules were rules and red tapes being what it is, nothing could be done.

BOSS'S FLEE Judge had to make a trip to Europe in 1953 on navy business. He'd had so many troubles with immigration officers before that his RCN boss penned this declaration:

"The possibility that Mr. Judge's services might be lost to us because of his being refused re-entry... irrespective of whether he leaves (Canada) privately or officially... be contemplated."

"It is requested... that steps be taken to give Mr. Judge either temporary citizenship papers... or a well-recognized document authorizing his re-entry indefinitely."

Judge got the document. But last August the immigration department confounded the confusion. His British passport was stamped "Immigrant—landed in the Port of Ottawa, August 17, 1953."

He'd then been living here about 12 years, during which he'd won a wife and fathered a son.

All that's needed to wrestle a web of red tape, he said, "is an indomitable sense of humour." He wryly recalls the immigration official who once told him: "The worst that can happen to you is deportation."—United Press.

Trento, Italy. One of Italy's great inmates didn't like the amnesty under which he was released.

Antonio Devigili, 45, one of an estimated 20,000 persons released under the Christmas amnesty, had to be pushed out of prison by a guard.

"It's too cold now," he pleaded. "Keep me in at least until spring."—United Press.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



The office boy doesn't have to laugh at the boss' old jokes—he just passed his draft physical!

Secrets Of
2,500-Year-Old Tomb
On Display

Cairo.

Queen Takhouti died near Cairo some 2,500 years ago and the contents of her tomb have just been exhibited to the public at the Cairo Museum.

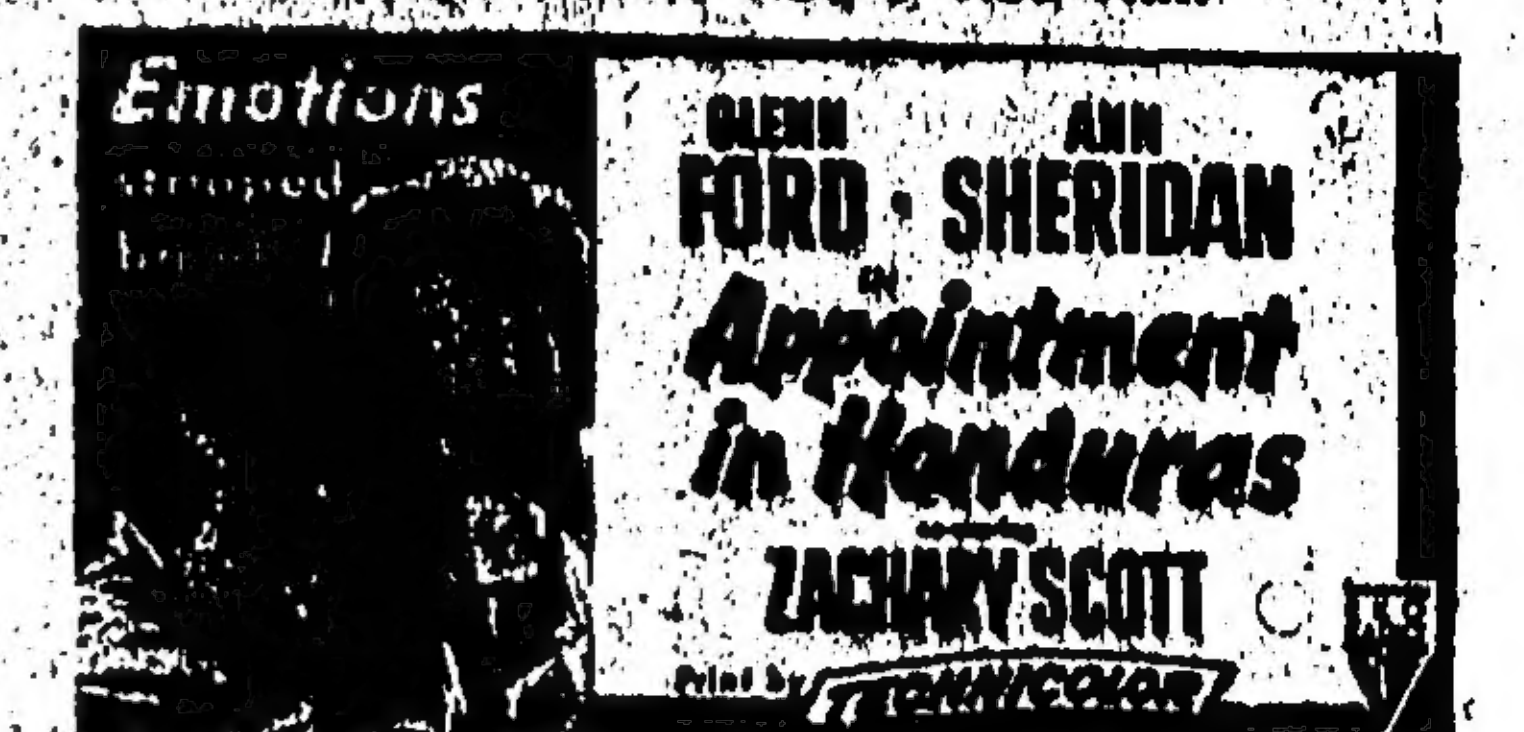
Well preserved, the exhibits are varied and numerous. The most valuable of them is a massive gold mask, which reveals that the Queen was a woman of unusual beauty. Remains of her burial garments show that they were studded with golden stars, rosettes and superbly executed lotus flowers. Most of the material has long since disintegrated but the pieces, which survived are made of a close mesh of linen texture.

Delicately fashioned goldfinger and toe stails, a common feature in Royal burials of that period, were also found, and the collection also includes 35 golden vials dedicated to the God Bes, (the cat), 29 similar vials to the God Hathor (cow's head), and an unusually large heart scarab carrying an inscription urging that the lady's heart should not weigh too heavy in the scales of justice in the next world.

An Egyptian peasant, Abdel Aziz Rahman, discovered Queen Takhouti's tomb. He was quickly ploughing his tiny plot of land, some 20 miles from Cairo, one evening in 1931. It had been a hot day, he and his two bullocks were very tired, when suddenly the rough plough struck a very heavy obstacle. On examination it proved to be a tomb.

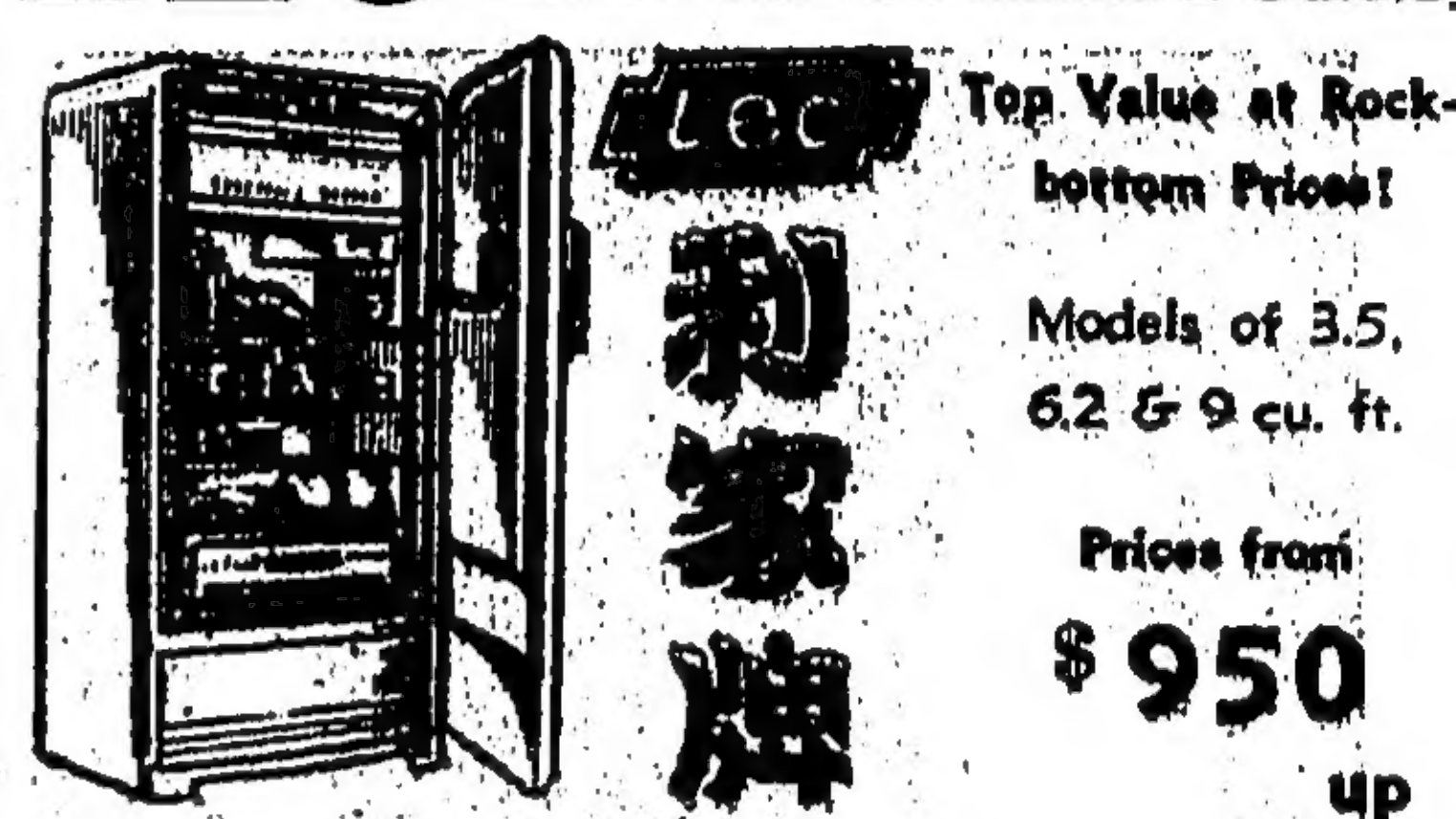
He quietly removed his beasts, called a family council, told them of his find, pledged them to secrecy, and planned to exploit the tomb for his own benefit.

However, news of the discovery soon reached the ears of the authorities, but it was not

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Earthly Paradise To
Be Parcelled Up

Cairo.

Ex-King Farouk's earthly paradise — his famous Inshass estate, producing more fruit than any other area in Egypt and which can supply Cairo's fruit and vegetable requirements — will be distributed among graduates of agricultural colleges and landless peasants next November.

Inshass is situated on the left bank of Ismailia canal, 23 miles northeast of Cairo. It covers an area 4,440 acres. It includes 1,066 acres planted with citrus fruits and mango, 2,550 acres of farm land, producing sesame, peas, groundnuts, tomato and various other kinds of vegetables, and 824 acres of arable land and desert.

The Higher Committee of Agrarian Reform got hold of this area in two steps. The first after the promulgation of land reform law and the second after issuing the decree of confiscation. This garden estate will be assigned to graduates of agricultural institutes and colleges, according to the land reform laws. The lot of every graduate shall not exceed 20 acres, i.e., that area will be allotted to about 50 agricultural graduates at least. Statistics prove that each acre of these gardens yields a handsome profit. The majority of this area depends on irrigation by pumping.

At present the higher committee is considering the allotment of these gardens from an agronomical point of view. It is laying the foundations of a co-operative system to secure the best possible yield, in assigning to each beneficiary according to his qualifications a piece of land to secure him a sufficient income for a decent life.

REST TO PEASANTS The rest of the area which is about 3,000 acres will be assigned to landless peasants. The plot allotted to each will be from two to five acres.

Inshass—a masterpiece of agricultural engineering—produces more fruit than any other area in Egypt. Here we see orchard after orchard, with oranges, lemons, pineapples, mangoes, tangerines and other fruits growing amongst the irrigated fields.

But there is much more to be seen than orchards. Palm and

'Love Affairs'
Mean More
Murders

Bombay.

The number of murders arising from "love affairs" more than doubled in two districts of Bombay State during 1953.

In 1952, there were only 15 murders arising from this cause in Sholapur District; while in only 11 months of 1953, there were 30 murders committed. In Nasik District, the corresponding figures were seven and 20.

Giving these figures in the Bombay Legislature, Chief Minister Morarji Desai said that the Government "cannot interfere with the love affairs of the people. The government has no control over love."—United Press.

breeding, a cactus garden, a poultry farm, a horticultural garden for scientific development of plant species, power plants and workshops for local repairs, houses for resident employees, a Mosque and an agricultural museum. Opposite the Mansion, in the Ismailia canal is a luxuriously furnished houseboat called "Inshass" adding to the fascinating beauty of this earthly paradise.

OBTAINED BY FORCE "Long Live Freedom; Long Live the Revolution Men," shouted the fellows (peasants) surrounding Inshass, the world paradise that belonged to King Farouk.

Telling how the Mohamed Ali Dynasty had grabbed their lands by force, many small farmers at Inshass testified that they were gaoled, "blackmailed" or nearly beaten to death to sell their land at nominal prices to the King. They said that Farouk continuously extended purchasing operations, using all means of pressure over previous owners, in order to make the Inshass farm one whole unit.

One official spokesman said "Inshass has grown out of the blood and sweat of the people and is now going back to the people."—United Press.

Women Are
Wiser

Halifax.

When it comes to knowledge of politics, one cabinet minister believed women have it all over men.

Public Works Minister Robert H. Winters told the Women's Liberal Association of Nova Scotia that his party was more likely to listen to women than men in drafting its programme of social legislation.

"The women are closer to the humanitarian side of life," he explained.

In fact, Winters thought the record of re-election of Liberal governments could be credited to this responsiveness to suggestions by women.

"A well-rounded social security programme has kept the Liberal Party from becoming a static government," he said.

Winters also found during the summer campaign that women were better informed—at least politically—than men.

"Housewives in particular," he said, "probably because they have more time to listen to radios."—United Press.

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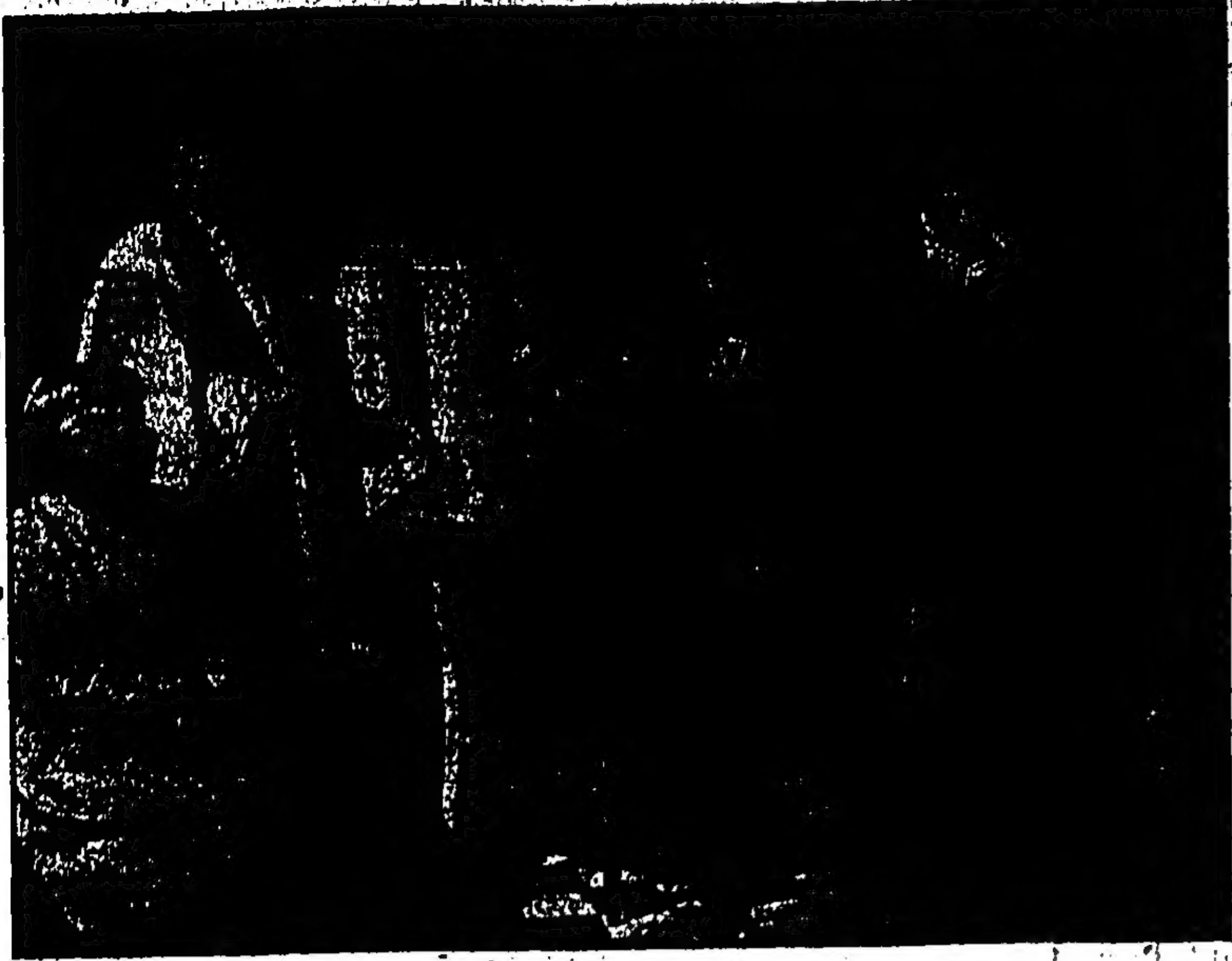
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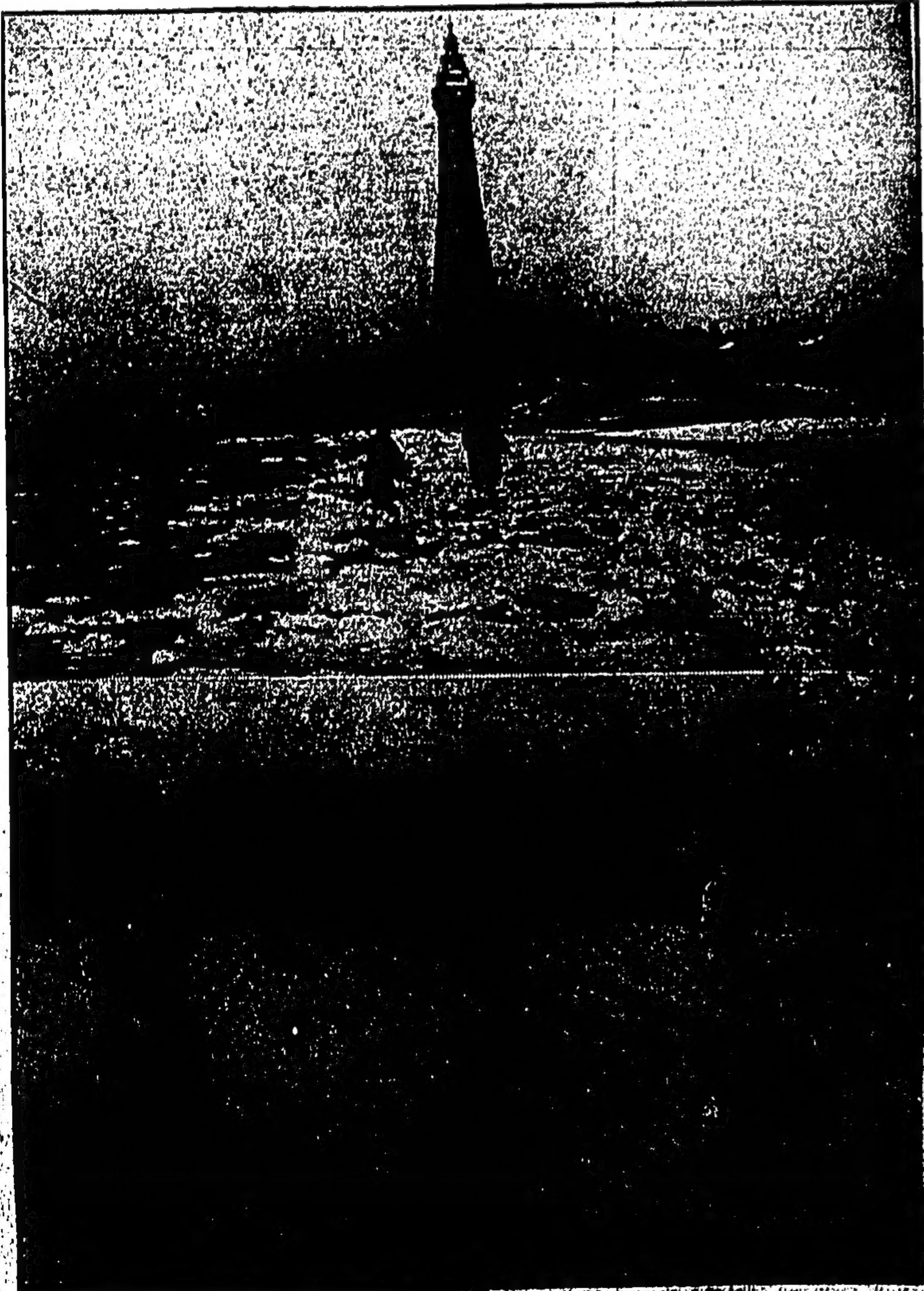
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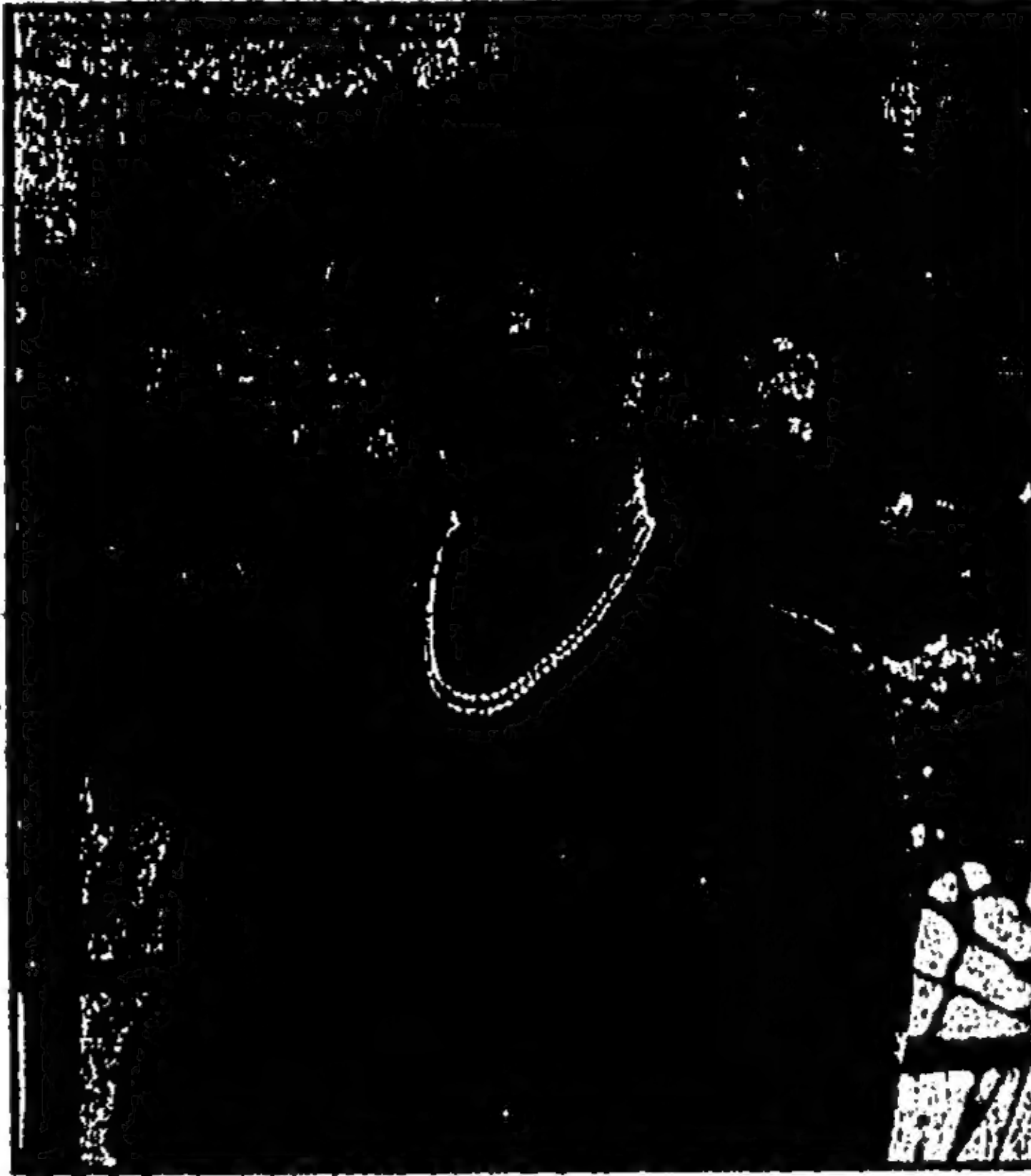
TEXAN Redd Harper, 38, dressed in a pale blue suit with red piping, pale blue shirt and high-heeled cowboy boots, has been singing religious songs in a London church, accompanying himself on the guitar. He describes himself as the advance crusader for the "Billy Graham Greater London Evangelistic Campaign" due to begin on March 1. (Express)



JACK SANDS, dressed as a Cave Man, shows his club to television star Helene Cordet at the Vic-Wells Costume Ball, held at the Lyceum, London. Helene Cordet and film star Leo Genn presented the prizes. (Express)



TWO scenes during the recent trip to the Arctic. Top: A view of the frozen sea and beach at the end of the world. Bottom: The scene in St. James's Park, London, where the Queen Mary boat train at Waterloo Station. (Express)



MISS Jean Beckett, who is to marry Lawrence Stephen Holt, son of shipowner Lawrence Durning Holt. Jean became engaged two years ago when her fiancé left England for the Far East to learn the family's business. Since then she has tapped away at her typewriter in the Holt shipping offices in Liverpool. (Express)



THE Duchess of Argyll, robbed the night before her departure for America of jewellery valued between £6,000 and £8,000 at her Mayfair home, is seen here with the Duke as they join the Queen Mary boat train at Waterloo Station. (Express)



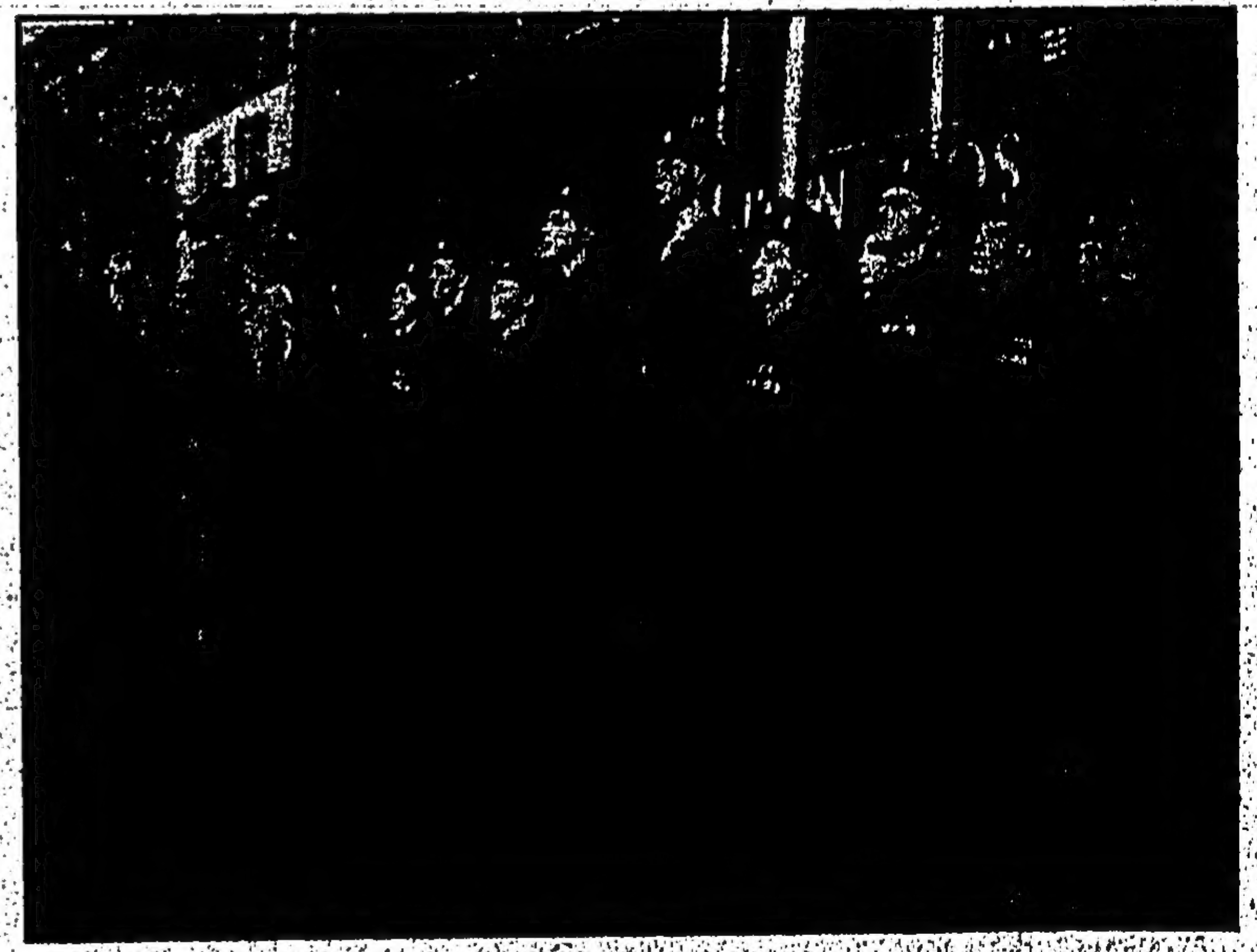
HERE is George Dawson, the one-time scrap iron salesman from Bermondsey, London, who made millions out of surplus war equipment deals and who recently tempted the British housewife with cheap fish—and lost £100,000 doing so. He has got into the news again by wanting to buy the Food Ministry lock, stock and barrel. (Express)



MAXINE SULLIVAN, the coloured singer (centre), receives congratulations from Vivian Blaine (left), star of "Guys And Dolls," and Adelaide Hall, appearing in "Love And Judy." Miss Sullivan is currently appearing in cabaret at the Copacabana, London. (Express)



THE Turkish Military Attache in London, Lt-Col Selahattin Tanc, entertained fellow diplomats and army men to cocktails at Claridges Hotel the other day. Picture shows: Air Vice-Marshal A. S. Lee of the RAF and his wife chatting with the Turkish Ambassador, in the centre. (Express)



SOME 20,000 people thronged the sunlit streets of Belfast to watch the officers and men of the Royal Ulster Rifles, many of them veterans of the Korean campaign, march proudly to the City Hall to receive the Freedom of the City. Sir Percival Brown, Lord Mayor of Belfast, is seen inspecting the parade. (Army News)

NANCY

Wants A Fair Count.

By Ernie Bushmiller



CHIVALRY BACK IN BUSINESS

By Les Armour

LONDON. CHINS were smoother and shirt collars white in Britain this week. Few trousers were without a lethal crease.

Chivalry—that battered old has-been—was suddenly dragged out again, refurbished and was back in business.

For the womenfolk, seats were being surrendered in tube trains, doors were being opened, fewer high-heeled pumps were being stamped on. It had finally happened.

Men were beginning to outnumber women. By 1961, if present trends continue, statisticians revealed there will be 1,008 British men and boys for every 1,000 women.

Maybe that doesn't seem much. Most countries have a slight surplus of males. But, in Britain, the men have had it their own way for a long, long time.

Right now, 79 girls in every thousand must end their days as spinsters. That's only how many would remain on the shelf if every man got married. And, of course, a fair number of men prefer to remain bachelors—so the actual number of spinsters is far larger.

There are so many of them, in fact, that they even have a national organization to protect their interests.

Buyer's Market

The British male has not failed to notice the situation. For him the marriage exchange has been a buyer's market, and he has been able to operate on the assumption that women will fall all over him.

Thus he has made it plain that he means to be the master of the house. And he usually didn't care too much how he looked. If he preferred to go unshaven, he figured that was his privilege. If he wanted to let his trousers bag, he did so.

Chivalry took a smack in the eye. Men gave up opening the door for their girl friends. In restaurants, scores of women could be seen nightly hanging their own coats on the peg, pulling out their own chairs and even taking the bill.

Now, since the statisticians blabbed, things have changed.

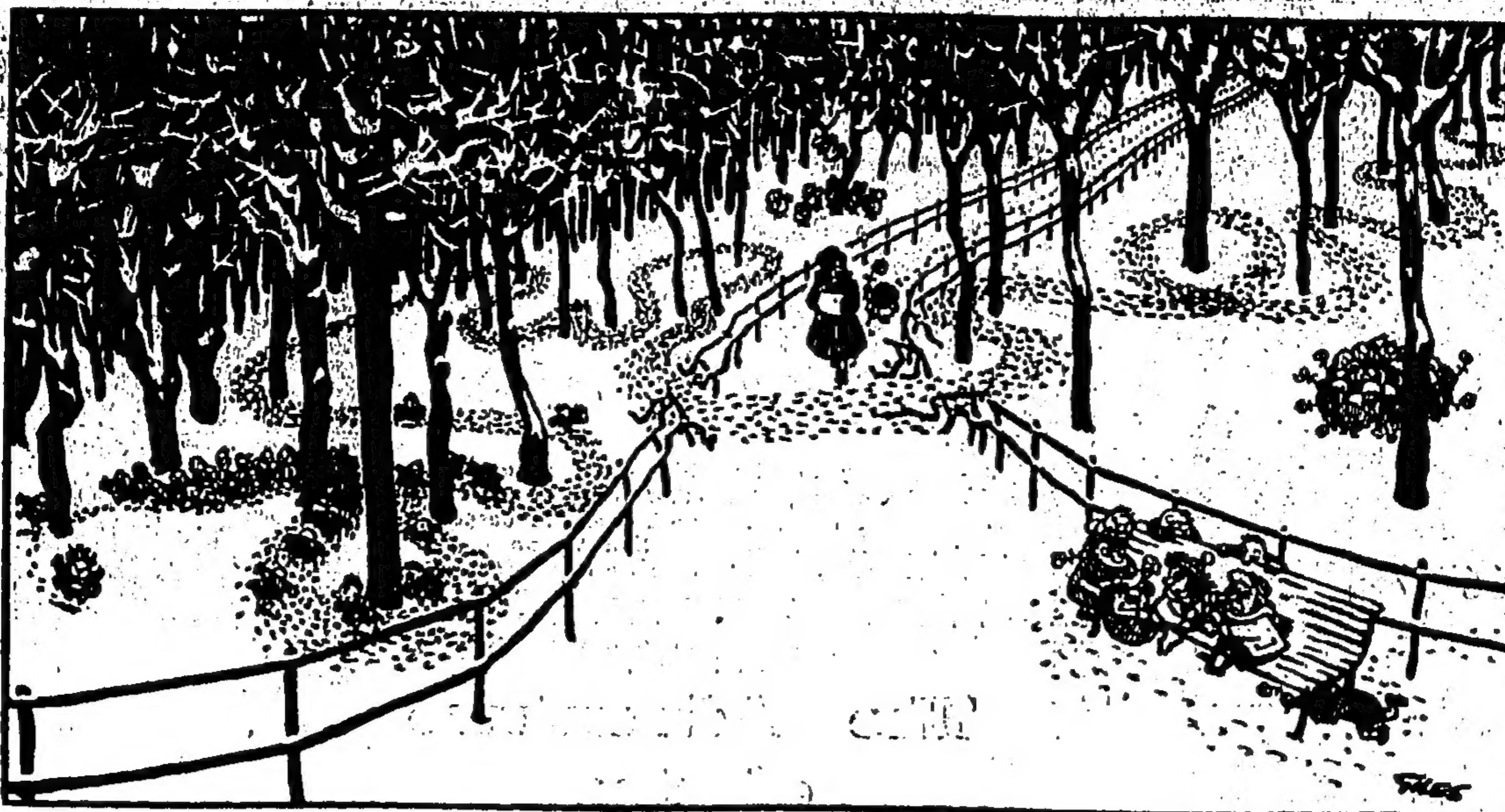
Pick And Choose

Wives can safely stop trotting out the pipe and slippers at night. They can even expect their husbands to show up with flowers and a box of chocolates every now and then.

Girls will be able to pick and choose. And the man who lets the door slam in his girl friend's face can expect to get slammed right back.

As for any bloke who shows up for a date in a scruffy shirt, decked in two days' growth of beard and minus a haircut, he'll find himself left on the street corner.

Now, if you'll excuse me while I slick my hair...



"I'm sorry, Archibald—but when I said I'd marry you it was before Somerset House announced there was a surplus of men."

London Express Service

DR STRABISMUS I PRESUME

When the Beachcomber spirit spreads to Fiji, anything can happen—and it usually does!

by BERNARD WICKSTEED

Beachcomber Hotel, Deuba Beach, Fiji.

SEE the name of this hotel where I am staying? It's great fun. Everything that happens has a Beachcomber flavour to it.

The bare-footed Fijian porter is a student of Charlie Suet. He took my luggage to my bedroom on the back of a tractor. My bedroom is in a chalet under the coconut palms by the beach and he could have carried my cases there in half the time it took to get the tractor out.

But this is the Beachcomber Hotel and the porter likes driving a tractor. The plumbing in my chalet was clearly designed by a pupil of Doctor Strabismus (Whom God Preserve) of Utrecht.

Soap operas

THE shower bath is so arranged that the soap water cannot run away till it is an inch deep on the floor. Every time you take a Strabismus shower, and you take several a day in this humid climate, you have to send for a Fijian girl to mop up the floor.

The girl who does my mopping up is another pleasant Beachcomber character. She studied under Mme Rustiguzzi and sings Fijian soap operas while she mops.

No one here thinks there is anything funny about the name

MEMO: If you have ever wondered about the REAL Beachcomber characters—the By Way originals—these flashback sketches may help. They were drawn in a competition three years ago.



of the hotel. In the South Seas a beachcomber is a sort of tropical tramp who never does any work. But, of course, we know better, don't we? We know who Beachcomber really is.

The barman at the Beachcomber is a likable character. He is named Vainiki, but everyone calls him Joe. If you don't fancy anything he has at the bar, he will climb up a palm tree and get you a coconut.

The waiter is equally willing. If you don't like the sweet he serves, he will pop out into the garden and cut you a fresh pineapple.

The letterhead of the Beachcomber Hotel shows a Narkover boy sitting at the top of a palm tree waiting to drop a coconut on Doctor Smart-Allick. They don't sell Snibbo or rancid but-

ter at the "Beachcomber Arms," but they have a wonderful shop called the "Shirt Bar."

There is a craze in the Pacific just now for gaudy coloured shirts, the brighter the better. So the Beachcomber has got up a "Shirt Bar" where you can stand your friends a shirt. But you have to be careful not to mix the colours or you will be sorry in the morning.

The grounds of the Beachcomber are full of carved pagan gods which the casual visitor might well think were authentic Fijian. The truth is they were left behind by a Mr Sol Hovewach, from Hollywood. He spent five and a half months here with his company, making a film about the South Seas.

He wasn't satisfied with the way the Fijians carved their

gods, so he had a man sent out from Hollywood to come and carve some better ones.

Dinner is often served late at the Beachcomber because the waiter, the barman, and the cook have formed themselves into a Fijian Filistin Trio and they play local songs for hours under a mango tree by the front door.

The cook and the waiter stum on an orchestra of ukulele and guitar, but the barman heads wonderful one-string contraptions made out of a bamboo pole and a ten-gallon petrol drum.

When the Filistin Trio gets going the entire village turns up to listen. Buses full of pigs, chickens, and passengers pull up and everyone forgets they are going on a journey.

After a short break while the guests at the hotel are fed, the trio return to their mango tree and the music throbs on into the sticky night.

Frog ballet

IN the small hours of the morning I was awakened in my room at the Beachcomber by the patter of tiny feet on the palm leaf matting that covers the floor.

I switched on the light and found the room was full of frogs. There were at least 20 of them hopping about on the floor.

On this trip I seem fated to be dogged by frogs.

IN BERMUDA, it was a species that sat in the trees and went peep-peep all night.

IN NICARAGUA, on the way from Panama, it was frogs so large that their hides are used to make bedroom slippers.

AND NOW it is the Beachcomber bullfrog ballet company. They took not the slightest notice of me, or the light I switched on, and I was puzzled at first about how they got in because the room is supposed to be sealed, so that even an insect cannot enter.

But, of course, it is a Strabismus designed room. So, in case a few insects do get in by accident, the architect has left a gap under the door large enough for frogs to crawl in and eat the insects up.

It was a fascinating frog-ballet danced in complete silence. There in the corner was Lady Cabemloigh, with Mr Justice Cocklecarrot trying to look dignified. Foulmouthe and Dingy Poo were doing solos, and the Narkover frogs danced the chorus.

Now-for me

TWENTY-NINE years ago, when Wicksteed was an earnest lad in search of adventure, he spent three months in Fiji working in a sawmill. He was practically a beachcomber himself then, and he used to stare at the outside of the grandest hotel in Suva, wondering what it would be like to stay there. Now that he has he would like to see how the "Beachcomber Arms" will do.



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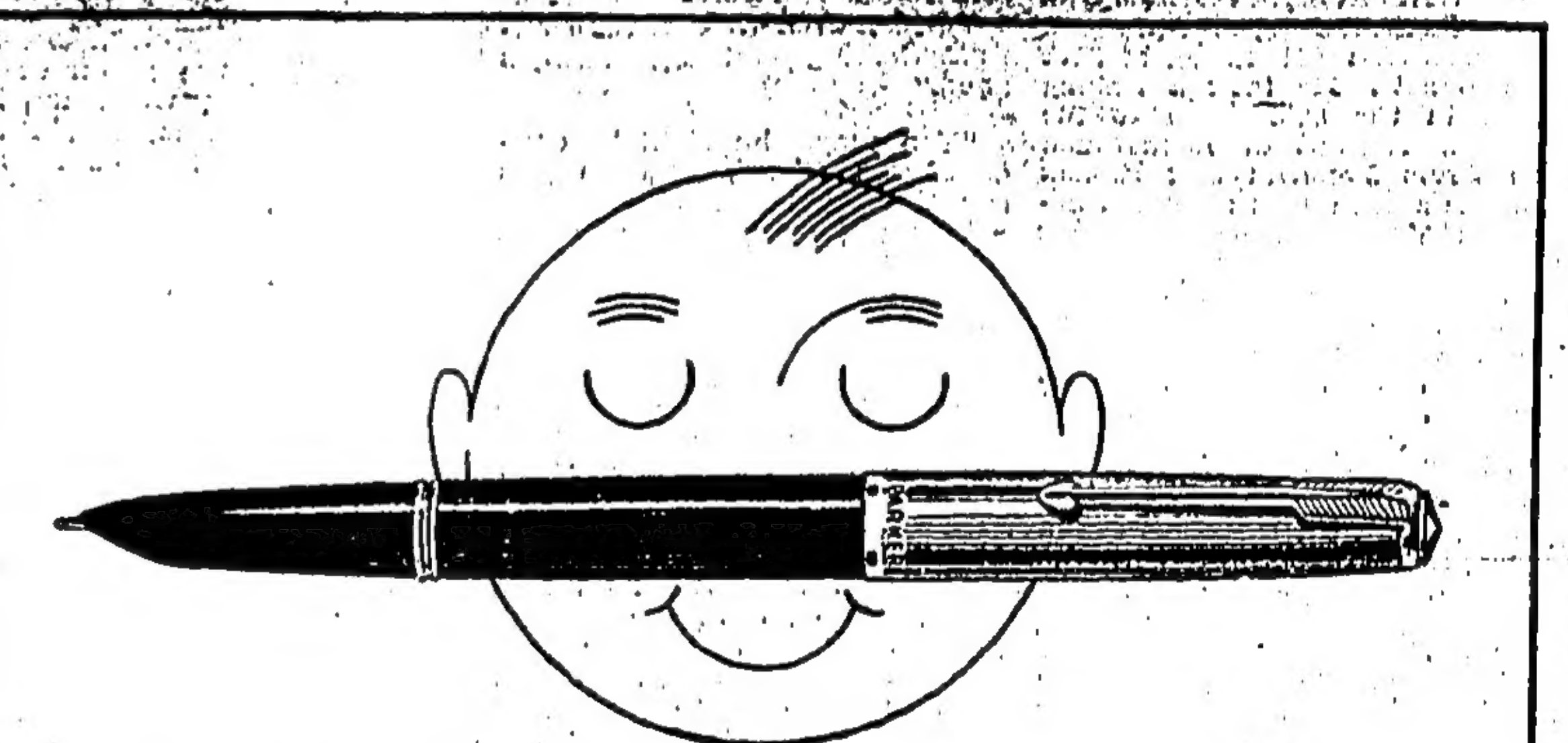
What a Rolex Oyster Perpetual. A professor of Milan University went for a swim off Capri. But the strap-buckle was loose, and his watch broke from his wrist, and sank to the bottom. Without much hope, the professor asked some divers working nearby, to keep an eye open for his watch. Surprisingly, seven days later, they actually found it, and it was still keeping perfect time.

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After seven days beneath the sea, a Rolex Oyster Perpetual, strapped up by divers, was found to be still showing the right time! (The original letter of Professor Cappelletti can be inspected at the Rolex Office, 11 rue de Marib, Geneva.)

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SCHINE 1, MARILYN 2

THE G.I.s of Fort Dix, New Jersey, have had their complaints against Private David Schine—one of Senator McCarthy's terrible twins, Cohn and Schine—put on official Army record.

In groups of two and three they told a special Army Board of Inquiry of alleged "V.I.P. treatment" for 20-year-old Schine during what is usually rugged basic training.

Although the hearings are secret, Colonel James Fogarty, Inspector-General at Fort Dix, allowed the soldiers to be interviewed after testifying.

One youth said: "Why, we used to sit around for hours in the evenings in the mess hall, waiting for the fort about Schine, and talking about Marilyn."

Fort Dix is the only place in the world where we can see Marilyn. We had a special tour of the fort, and we saw Marilyn. We had a special tour of the fort, and we saw Marilyn. We had a special tour of the fort, and we saw Marilyn.

AMERICA COLUMN
from
NEWELL ROGERS

he was on some kind of special assignment."

RETIREMENT or otherwise of an organist is the latest political issue in America.

He is Frederick Mayer, organist at the Gothic Cathedral of America's Sandhurst. At 72 he is seven years over the retirement age.

But President Truman issued a special order exempting Mr Mayer from the age-limit. Now General Frederick Mayer, West Point commandant, and Chaplain Walter McLeod, ask President Eisenhower to revoke the order, thus forcing Mayer to retire.

Mayer says it is all because he wants to play "America's Beautiful" and "The Corps" too often for the cathedral's taste. And five senators and one governor back the old organist.

It is very difficult for Dwight D. Eisenhower, once a West Point cadet himself.

U.S. PLANNERS believe their new atomic air strategy will cut defence costs by 15,000 million dollars a year.

They would maintain a fleet of 40,000 aircraft and cut manpower by nearly 1,000,000.

YOU must not deny work to members in order to discipline them, the Supreme Court tells trades unions.

It rules that it is also illegal for an employer to grant benefits to union members while denying them to non-union members.

SYDNEY GREENSTREET, 20-stone British screen villain who died in Hollywood a few weeks ago, left 150,000 dollars over here—all made since he started in films at the age of 62, 12 years ago.

A 44 PERCENT increase in suicides against day-walking pedestrians in Detroit, the motor city, has been accompanied by the fewest pedestrian deaths since 1945.

California 3,000 miles away, lured by a TV show "Strike It Rich," which gives people rich presents for telling hard-luck stories.

But the 55 families could not get in on the show, and they had to go on the dole.

FOR CHARITY tennis professionals Bobby Riggs and Gardner Mulloy played on ice skates—three games in 12 minutes. Mulloy won two games, but fell 12 times to Riggs' eight.

TAXI driver Edwards says a convict from the Iowa State gas farm made him drive 150 miles at knife-point.

The allegation has started an inquiry into statements that the inmates are in the habit of cutting taxis to take them on drinking sprees.

DANCE Victoria Van Zandt said her Hollywood husband, actor Philip Van Zandt, said he would think more of her if she went out with other men instead of attending Jane Russell's Bible classes.

He divorced her with \$500,000, and she has a month's notice to leave him.

POCKET CARICATURE
by OSBERT LANCASTER

"You like to see lovely cheap bayonet guaranteed to fit lovely Belgian rifle?"

Sir Percy of M.I.5 will sell sweets

By JAMES WYNTER

SIR PERCY SILLITOE, ex-gang buster, spy-hunter, and The Man With All The Secrets as former chief of Britain's M.I.5, has got himself a new job—selling sweets over a shop counter.

He is opening a sweet shop in Carlisle Road, Eastbourne. Sir Percy, the square-jawed, commanding Sir Percy who headed the Secret Service, will be there to give his own service.

So should you be passing that way and drop in for a box of chocolates or 12 lb of bull's-eyes, just think of this:—

THE EARS that listen to your order have listened to the top secrets of Britain's



SIR PERCY
Hitching to get behind the counter

Military Intelligence Security Branch for seven years.

THE FINGERS that punch the till have signed orders that started counter-espionage campaigns and cloak-and-dagger hunts all over the world.

THE EYES that smile a "Thank you" over the counter are the same cold, blue eyes that set Glasgow gangsters quaking, when Sir Percy, then police chief, earned the reputation of Britain's No. 1 gang buster.

Just think of it, that's all, when you walk out with your bull's-eyes.

In his comfortable flat in Carlisle Road, 65-year-old Sir Percy stretched out his carpet-slipped feet in front of the lounge fire and told me how he came to be interested in the business of selling sweets. He retired from the business of top secrets last September.

"Looking round the town it struck me that there was no high-class confectionery business near the Wish Tower, which is one of the most popular parts of Eastbourne promenade," Sir Percy said.

For His Son

And as he was already looking for a business to start for his ex-Merchant Navy son, 28-year-old Richard, he decided to open a sweet shop. The shop would be Richard's.

"But you will take some interest in it, I expect?" I asked him.

Immediately all Sir Percy's training as a keeper of secrets came to the surface. He hesitated.

But Lady Sillitoe did not. "If I know him you won't be able to keep him out of that shop," she said. "He's just itching to get behind that counter."

With a slow smile Sir Percy, now freed from worry about the Mau Mau and missing diplomats, said: "All right, you can say that I shall be there helping Richard to serve and sell his sweets."

And looking behind that counter, too, with his Lady Sillitoe.

THE FABULOUS MOUNTBATTENS

The First Gentleman

DURING a visit of inspection by the Duke of Edinburgh to Malta at the end of 1952, a news photographer took a picture of him striding off the aerodrome with his uncle, Earl Mountbatten, who, as Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet, had been one of the official party there to greet him.

They looked more like brothers, their caps set to the same jaunty angle, their firm faces set in the same expression, their naval uniforms clothing an identical masculine robustness.

Prince Philip, of course, is fair and Earl Mountbatten is dark, but they have much in common. The same voice, the same laugh, the same charm and, what is more, similar minds and the same fresh approach to the world and its citizens.

In Prince Philip, indeed, the Mountbatten destiny is manifest.

For the figure due to loom ever larger in the decades before us is a Mountbatten, with the promise and qualities that name evokes and young Prince Charles, we may be sure, although he will bear the name of the Royal house now assumed for him, will be brought up in the same atmosphere.

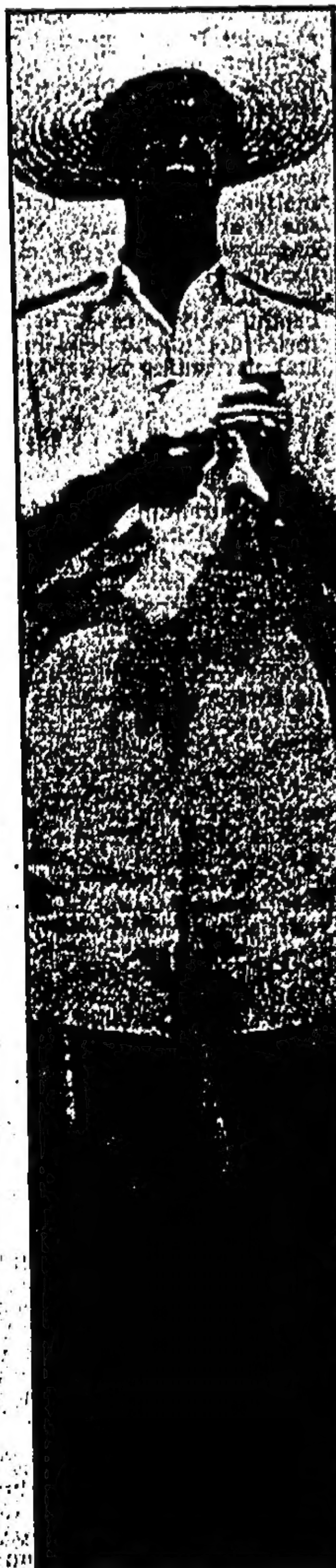
THANK HIMMLER!

It is an intriguing thought that the British have Heinrich Himmler, of unpleasant memory, to thank for the emergence of the Duke of Edinburgh as one of themselves.

For it was in Germany in the year that Hitler came to power that he started one of the major formative periods of his life—at the school of Doctor Kurt Hahn.

There was no room in Germany for a liberal thinker like Dr Hahn. He went to England, where with the help of friends in the summer of 1934 he set up his school at Gordonstoun, in Morayshire.

There, after a family conference, the young Prince Philip was transferred. It is also said that he had incurred the displeasure of local Nazi



The Duke in the uniform of Admiral of the Fleet.

officials near Salem by mockingly opening the goose-step of a Brownshirt parade.

Doctor Hahn set out to integrate his charges into the life of the local community.

They were sent to help the blacksmith and work in the little boat-yards along the coast. They assisted the Coastguards and learned to sail. In turn, boys from neighbouring families were invited to take part in their games and sports.

FINE TRAINING

Something akin to the Boy Scout system of awarding proficiency badges was instituted for various pursuits, and those who showed themselves particularly capable at seamanship, of whom Prince Philip was one, were allowed to take out dinghies alone into the choppy waters of the Firth.

It was a training admirably suited to any boy, and one unique for a young man with such a destiny as Prince Philip.

Here "he overcame the disadvantages of his Royal birth," as it has been said of him. No prince or consort in our history has ever spent his formative years in such close contact with the people of this country or in a manner so integrated with his fellow human beings.

He was good at games, becoming in due course captain of both cricket and hockey and a useful student without being brilliant. He became in the end head of the school almost in spite of his royal connections.

Perhaps reaction against his birth resulted in his displaying more individuality than discipline. He had a great penchant for practical jokes, and Doctor Hahn was called upon at one time to remark on his "wildness and recklessness."

'NEVER NASTY'

But there was a redeeming feature. "Often naughty, never nasty," his headmaster expressed it, noting with prophetic insight in his final report.

Prince Philip is a born leader, but he will need the exacting demands of a great service to do justice to himself. His best is outstanding, his second best is not good enough.

It was to the Navy that Prince Philip went in 1939 at the age of 18.

In the meantime he had become completely absorbed into the British side of his family.

He had often stayed with his grandmother at Kensington Palace, where that stern representative of Victorian traditions had not infrequently occasion to rebuke him for some of his more uninhibited exploits.

One resounding reproof was administered when he climbed on to the roof of her apartment and dared the policeman who told him to come down to come up and fetch him.

It was at Dartmouth that Prince Philip first became really acquainted with his future wife.

This meeting led to the beginning of a cousinly correspondence which was to last right through the war.

DASHING FIGURE

In spite of the disparity in their ages, the high-spirited young man must have appeared a dashing figure to the Princess, and from that time on she was often heard to talk about the relative she had on active service.

Prince Philip's war record and subsequent developments are too familiar to need recounting. On June 9, 1947, the formal announcement of his engagement to the Princess was made in the Court Circular.

The day before the wedding Lieutenant Mountbatten was created Duke of Edinburgh, Earl of Merioneth and Baron Greenwich by the King.

The ceremony at Westminster Abbey on November 20, 1947, provided a splash of colour and tradition amid the more austere of the immemorial past.

Although the list of Royal guests equalled that at the wedding, the Prince and Princess were the only couple to be seated at the same table.

By the time Princess Elizabeth became Queen the British

They ran away together 100 years ago... the German Prince and the Communist. With that sentence our story of the fabulous Mountbattens began. We have followed them through stirring times and troubled times, good fortune and bad. Today a Mountbatten is Consort to our Queen, his son is heir to the Throne. And the story of this remarkable family continues to unfold as part of the everyday lives of us all.



The Duke in the uniform of Admiral of the Fleet.

public was well acquainted with the Duke of Edinburgh.

Little personal incidents had displayed a temperament, equable, a character firm, and an attitude so well attuned to the new world of which he was a part that he was clearly going to be an important factor in that adaptation to the mood of the times, which is one of the main props of our monarchy.

Britain had enjoyed the story of his farewell party to the local skittle team at Corsham's Metheren Arms a few days before his marriage.

People appreciated the suggestion made by Don Bradman when the Australian Test team was in England in April, 1948: "I have detected in films that he has a perfect action for a right-hand offspin bowler. I submit that to the English selectors for their serious consideration."

They had chuckled, in spite of some official tut-tutting, at the highly informal account Prince Philip gave in Edinburgh of "a very good dinner" with the Lord Provost, Sir Andrew Murray, when they decided that the train did.

Square Dancing Tops

By LEO ANDERSON

Cartersville, Illinois. BEING a "square"—square dancer, that is—becoming more and more fashionable all over the nation.

A southern Illinois square dance expert, Joe Haase of Cartersville, said that city dwellers began taking an interest in the square dance about 20 years ago, and interest throughout the nation has grown steadily since. He estimated 1,000,000 persons have taken up square dancing.

Haase is one of the few professional square dance teachers in the U.S., even though he said: "Two years ago I didn't know my right foot from my left."

He has helped to make southern Illinois an important centre in the square dance revival, and estimates he has taught "several hundred" persons their "do-it-over" and "promenade."

Haase said the square dance never spread to Britain, where there are two record companies making square dance records. In the United States, he said, there are at least 35 companies cutting thousands of records ready for square dancers.

The popular songs of early America still are the favourites among square dancers. Haase said, "Square is the top favourite in the square dance." The old-time tunes, he said, are "Turkey in the Straw," "The Arkansas Traveler," and "The Chicken Reel."

take him back to London would have to be "six drinks late."

They even relished the story of a minor car collision at Hyde Park Corner with Prince Philip at the wheel and Princess Elizabeth at his side.

At the beginning of 1952 the Duke and Princess Elizabeth travelled to Nairobi to spend a few days' holiday at Sagana Lodge, which had been their wedding present from the territory of Kenya.

It was there that the blow fell. On the night of February 5, the Princess, in slacks, and the Duke, in old clothes, sat up all night in a tree top hotel in the African forest watching big game. At dawn they clambered down the ladders and went home to rest.

An hour or two later an enquiry woke the Duke and told him that King George VI had been found dead in his bed that morning. The Duke went in to break the news to his wife, who was now Queen. A new reign had begun.

CONSORT

The Duke had become the fifth consort to a queen in British history.

What, then, have we learned of the personality of the young commoner-prince, who now stands in this exalted position?

His outstanding characteristic is that he is a perfectly normal and thoroughly typical British naval officer. He is completely English, revealing no trace of a foreign accent or intonation in his speech. His whole attitude—the gift of understatement, the dignity which is not aloofness and the frankness which is never familiarity—is typical of the Royal Navy.

He retains the passionate Mountbatten interest in all things naval, the sea is in his blood, not only through his grandfather, but from the Vikings from whom he descends on his father's side.

He is tall, strongly built and handsome without any of the insipidity that the word so often implies these days. The firmness of his jaw denotes strength of character, but one suspects that his good humour is not altogether even and that, however well it is controlled, there lurks a quick temper and an occasional undisciplined dislike—perhaps only a youthful intolerance.

It is certainly said of him that he does not suffer fools gladly.

SAILOR'S GRIN

He has retained the common touch, and with it introduced a new factor into Royal life.

As a result of his normal upbringing he speaks the language of the people as no prince has ever been taught to do.

On all occasions he is refreshingly himself, in fact, almost too much so for many professional advisers of royalty who regarded the aloof regality of yesterday as an absolute. He can flash a sailor's grin at a crowd of enthusiastic girl factory workers and has an unfettered command of naval idiom in male company.

He has some attractive gifts of gesture. There is a quizzical look in his eye and a lively expression on his mobile face when his head cranes forward to engage in a conversation he has found particularly interesting. He has an almost disconcerting knack of saying "What is your telephone number?" to someone whose views seem pertinent and worthy of further discussion.

And when the call comes through, he likely as not will be on the line himself rather than leaving the inquiry to an enquiry.

He has gauged his public position in the Queen's company to a nicety. He is always there, half a step behind, never obtruding, but always at hand with the right word or gesture.

FIRM HAND

It is not an easy position to keep up for someone with high spirits and a lively intelligence, but his manner both sets others at their ease and allows him to be contentedly self-effacing.

Only in the privacy of their home does he come into his own as master of the house, keeping a firm hand on the upbringing of the children and laying particular stress on their being as little spoiled as he was in his childhood.

With the persuasive insight he has inherited from his remarkable family, the Duke has set himself the resounding task of arousing the country, not only to its peril, but to the measures essential to its recovery.

The target is always the same, a relentless insistence in the need for an industrial renaissance, a discarding of obsolete methods, and the direct and speedy application of the discoveries of science to the needs of industry.

Within a year of his wife's accession, Prince Philip had grasped the opportunity to use his special status within the monarchy as a means of encouraging the most vital factor in the country's welfare. For fifty years the Crown had increased in stature as its prerogatives shrank.

HIS HERITAGE

Now, in the new Elizabethan Age, a dynamic consort is in process of ranging its immense moral authority behind a campaign for national efficiency and the integration of science, technology and industry in a great new forward surge.

We find personified in the Duke the traditional Mountbatten passion for technical achievement, combined with the family flair for courage and method, expressing itself now in terms of a nation's future.

At an age younger than that at which any of the other four main personages in this study had made their mark, it has become his destiny to play a role even more pregnant than theirs. Such a heritage will not find him wanting.

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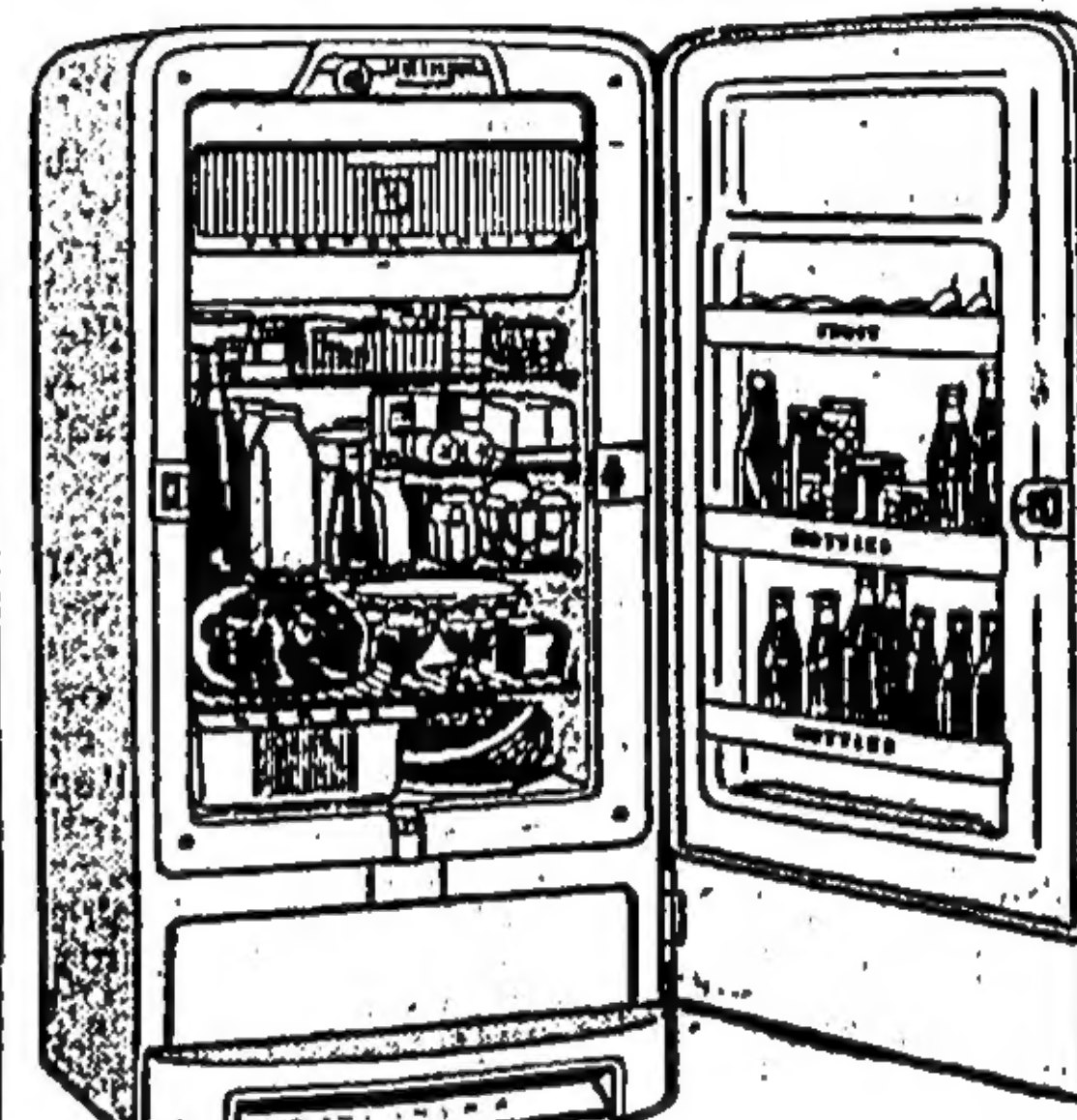
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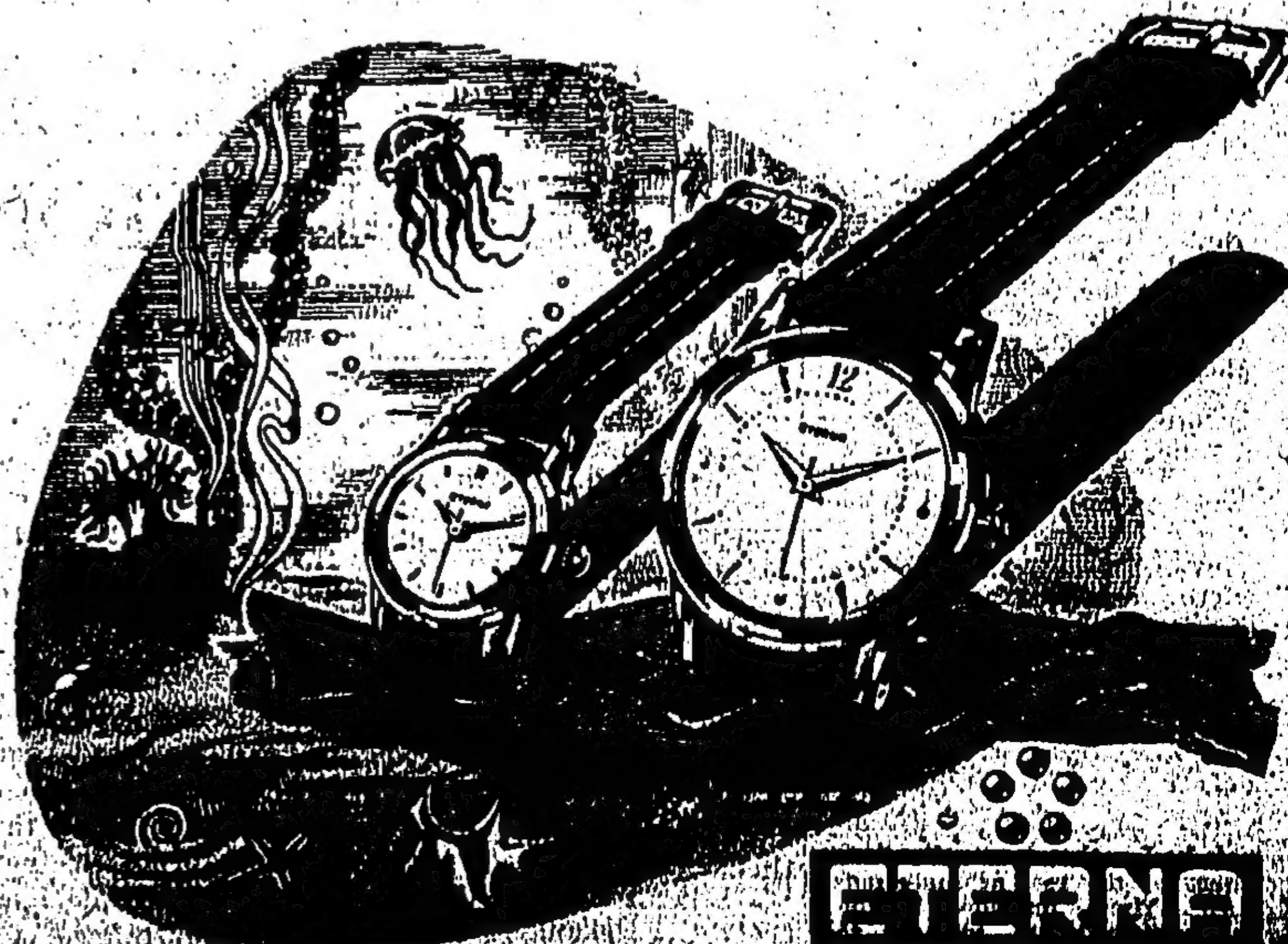
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WHITE HORSE NEWS
The Regimental Newspaper of 1st Battalion The King's Regiment

Monday, 8th February, 1954.

HONG KONG

No. 8 Vol. 1.

EIGHT KINGSMEN IN FINALS

(BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT)

I was fortunate, on Thursday 21st, in that I was able to attend the final of the Hong Kong Land Forces Open Individual boxing championships.

First and foremost I must acclaim the Battalion team for their great showing, for they figured in no less than seven of the ten finals, in fact the contestants in the feather-weight bout were both Kingmen.

The first to make the ring was King Carr and his opponent, a very experienced fighter, who was a former professional. Carr was very brave and fought a very good fight, but he was out-pointed in the eighth round. Carr was very brave and fought a very good fight, but he was out-pointed in the eighth round.



Padre-Turned-Editor Needs A Drawer

By TOM EYTON

"THAT newspaper isn't worth reading. Now if only I were editor..." Think how many people make remarks like that. They are quite sure they could run a newspaper easily enough; after all, there is nothing to it, just answer the telephone, give instructions to chain-smoking reporters, and everything in the garden is lovely.

Now at least one man in Hongkong knows that it is not so simple as all that. His name is Captain J. A. P. Northcott, MA, Chaplain of the 1st Battalion, The King's Regiment. He knows just how difficult it is to be editor of a newspaper because he is at this moment trying his hand at the job—without previous experience.

Captain Northcott, with the help of plenty of cold towels, is editor of the White Horse News, the Regimental paper of The King's Regiment. It has four pages, is well printed and contains sport, news, cartoons, editorials, poems and advertisements. It is given away free.

The paper was started by Captain David Davis when he came back to Hongkong from Korea last year with the advance party, and so speedily did he get to work that by the time the rest of the Regiment returned the first edition was ready to welcome the men to the Colony.

Apart from a message of welcome the first edition also had a map of Dodwell Ridge, the King's Camp.

Captain Davis is a busy man. It was too much for him to cope with his own duties and at the same time the paper. So he looked around for a successor. His eyes fell upon the 29-year-old Padre, who quickly offered Captain Northcott a cigarette—and the editorship. Captain Northcott declined the responsibility of running a newspaper but accepted the cigarette and stayed to chat with the glib Captain Davis, who told how very easy it was to run a simple thing like a four-page fortnightly camp paper.

"Nothing to it, old boy," said Captain Davis. Captain Northcott was convinced; accepted the job, and was later to write the following editorial: "Finally the day arrives when you are expected in Hongkong. Are you there with your neatly set up files, marked with your instructions for the printers? No, you are in your room at Dodwell Ridge with a wet towel around your head.

"Your batman has long since given up whistling while he works. The Chinese men who started scratching point off your tin hut have long since realised you are the mad officer who throws things at them when they are trying to do their duty."

The newly-formed paper has not had the same disastrous effect on the rest of the Kingmen. They are making contributions without too much fuss. After all, the Army has no time for temperaments—or for long-haired poets. You may write poetry but hair will still be Regimental length.

Captain Northcott asks for as much copy as possible, but most of his men are a little shy. They bring their modest efforts to his office only to lose their nerve at the last minute and the story, poem or cartoon that was to have been boldly thrust into the editor's hands is timidly slipped under the door. Once there, it either reaches Captain Northcott's tray or is swept up with the dust by an enthusiastic batman.

The White Horse News has a special office in the King's Camp. A small room, the end section of a partitioned Nissen hut, is specially reserved for Captain Northcott. Here the City Desk is found in the shape of one Army issue roll-top table. The editor's chair is a plain board bench.

The office boasts a cupboard which leans against a wall. Whether this was to support the wall or the cupboard I couldn't tell. And a tin chimney climbs up the whitewashed wall. The office equipment consists of a portable typewriter and a few books. All Captain Northcott wants now is a drawer.

Military Slant

Local firms finance the paper with their advertisements. These not only pay for the blocks needed to brighten up the pages with photographs but also give the paper a true-to-life effect. The advertisements are given a military slant.



Editor Northcott at his bench. (Army PRO Picture)

TWO BRITONS TURN OUT A REVOLUTIONARY FIGHTER

From Group Captain Hugh Dundas

ON my plane to Paris last week were two of the best brains in Britain's aeroplane industry, on their way to introduce their half-size, revolutionary fighter plane to Supreme Allied Headquarters.

The two men hope that the new plane, the Gnat, will replace Britain's—and Europe's—bankrupt fighter policy.

Let me introduce you to them. Genius No. 1 is Mr. W. E. Petter, chief designer of the Folland Aircraft Company. Genius No. 2 is Dr. Stanley Hooker, director and chief engineer of the Bristol Aeroplane Company.

Britain already owes a lot to these two working as a team. For Petter designed the record-breaking Canberra jet bomber, and Hooker designed the Avon engine which gives the Canberra its outstanding performance.

Their new half-size fighter will be less than half the weight and about one-third the price of the conventional planes now on order, but will have an equal performance in every respect.

Airframe by Petter, and engine by Hooker.

WE have seen where uranium ore comes from and how we go about obtaining it. Now let us see what we do with it after we get it.

It is a long and intricate route that uranium must travel from the mines of the Belgian Congo, Northern Canada, South Africa, and the Colorado plateau to the secret locations where atomic bombs are stored. It is also an expensive one.

More than three-fourths of all the money and materials and skills that America has invested in her atomic energy programme has gone to build up the plants and laboratories that uranium must pass through along the way to a bomb. This is the atomic energy production line.

In some ways it is similar to the production lines that lead from the Mesabi iron range of northern Minnesota to your kitchen refrigerator, and from the Texas oil fields to the gasoline tank of your car. But in many other ways it is completely different, unlike anything else that is done in industry and unlike anything else that has ever been done before in the world.

More Valuable

The Atomic Energy Commission is after something far more valuable than gold. It is after the materials, known to scientists as "fissionable," that pack more energy into a pound than coal does into a thousand tons.

To get these substances the Commission must take ore in carload quantities and send it on a journey, from which emerge only minuscule amounts of material measured in terms of grams. To gain a feeling for what this journey is like, let us select a particular quality, say a ton, of ore and follow it all the way through—seeing what happens to it and glimpsing the facilities it passes through along the way.

Let us say some ore belongs to you. Let us say you found it high on a mesa in the lonely distances of the Colorado plateau. Let us say that you staked out a claim, just as you would if you found gold or silver or copper. Although the ore belongs to you—not to the Government—you cannot sell it or give it to anyone except the Atomic Energy Commission or someone approved by the Commission.

But the Commission wants it badly, and will buy it from you even though it contains only two pounds of uranium to each ton of ore.

So you decide to sell your ore to the nearest ore-buying depot, of which there are fifteen in the Colorado plateau area. Let

us say that the nearest depot is the one at Durango, Colorado, operated by the Vanadium Corporation of America under Commission contract.

It is your job to get your ore to Durango. Let us say you haul it by truck, first across the dry dirt roads that crisscross the windwept plateau, and finally along one of the new paved highways the Government has built to open up the uranium country.

Rigid Control

When your ore arrives at Durango, it is first weighed, sampled, and assayed. The assay determines the uranium content, and it is very precise because it not only determines the price that is paid to you, but also forms the basis for the strict accounting that is kept of the uranium along the rest of its way to the bomb stockpiles.

You are paid for your ore according to the amount of uranium it contains. In addition to the price paid to you for your ore, you are also paid an allowance to cover the cost of hauling it to Durango and an allowance to cover the cost of developing your mine. And if your mine is a new one, you may also be paid a bonus of from \$150 (U.S.) to \$350 per pound of uranium for the first ten thousand pounds you deliver. Since the price paid per ton is always at least equal to the bonus, you can see that it is possible to receive as much as or more than \$70,000 for ore containing ten thousand pounds of uranium.

After you have left your ore at Durango, it is under the rigid control of the Atomic Energy Commission. Most of the time the uranium it contains is actually in private hands—those of the contractors to the Commission, who do the processing work—but the Government never loses sight of it and never lets it out of its own control.

First Job

Let us say that the ore you sold at Durango is the lowest grade the Commission will buy. This means that a ton of it contains two pounds of uranium metal. The first job, then, is to isolate that uranium and remove it from the clay, sand, stone, and conglomerate of other materials which comprise the rest of the ore.

The effort to do this begins right at Durango, for the Government does not want to pay to ship any more of the material than is necessary to the next stage in the production chain. The methods used to recover uranium from ore are not unique in industry. But, even so, it is no easy job, particularly when one remembers that the uranium is scattered through the ore in microscopic particles smaller than the point—not the head—of a pin.

As the first step in the processing chain, your ore is placed in a giant crushing machine. From there it goes to a grinder where it is ground into small particles similar to the finest grains of sand. Then it proceeds into an industrial inferno

coming along fine. In fact, there was confidence oozing from both men. They seemed to enjoy being out on their own. Dr. Hooker ("I like these engines," he said as we took off. And so he should, they were his) gave an interesting side-light on the mudflat forest landing of the Bristol Britannia airplane.

For a time the big plane hid none of its four engines working. When one engine caught fire a device for cutting off all electrical circuits—normally operated only in the case of a crash—cut it off of its own accord.

That left test pilot Bill Pegg with a flying test. He managed to get all three good engines going again, but by this time the plane had lost too much height and Pegg had burned out of the fuel. He was forced to land in a field near the test area, called the Orphan home to him.

WHAT MAKES AN ATOM BOMB—CHAPTER 2 Mysterious Process Turns Uranium Into Plutonium

By GORDON DEAN

Chairman, U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, 1950-1953

where it is roasted with salt at temperatures of up to 1,000° F. percolated with water, dissolved in acid, heated and reheated, dissolved and redissolved, dried and redried. Ultimately, after several days of this, the uranium emerges in the form of a fine grayish-black powder that is a compound of uranium and oxygen. It is called "black oxide." The yellow of the carnation is gone.

Out of your original ton of ore we now have left only a little more than two pounds of material consisting of uranium, oxygen, and some impurities.

Now although we have something which approximates pure uranium it is not anywhere near pure enough to serve the purposes for which the Atomic Energy Commission wants it. It may contain only about one per cent of impurities—boron, for example—but this is more than enough to make it useless for the atomic energy programme.

So the black oxide is shipped on to the next stage in the production chain where the much harder job of pulling away the elements that cling so tenaciously to uranium is begun. For this operation, your uranium may be sent to the Commission's new Feed Materials Processing Centre at Fernald, in southwestern Ohio, or it may go to one of the great chemical plants which sprawl over the industrial areas of our Midwestern cities.

Processing

No matter to what location your uranium is shipped, the things that are done to it are generally the same. Let us say, then, that it goes to the processing centre at Fernald. The buildings and equipment at Fernald are owned by the Commission, but the operation is carried on by a private company, the National Lead Company of Ohio, employed by the Government to perform this specific job.

Here your black oxide is put through the usual initial steps of weighing and analysing, and the results must check with the last report from Durango or an investigation is set in motion immediately to find out why they differ.

Once these preliminary steps are out of the way, however, your black oxide re-enters the world of burning acid that it so recently left at Durango. If you could catch a glimpse of it at one quiet moment along this segment of its journey, you would see that the black powder which had arrived at Fernald was now a bright orange. But this would be only a stage, and if you waited until it finally emerged, its colour would be a deep brown. This material, still in the form of fine powder, is called "brown oxide," and it differs from black oxide not only in its chemical composition, but also in one other very important respect: By now the uranium in it is pure.

One might think from the preceding article we now had a chemical compound containing pure uranium and that we were close to the end of our journey. We are not. Actually, we have hardly begun. Our uranium, for example, has not yet even seen any of the great atomic energy plants at such places as Oak Ridge, Hanford, Savannah River, or Paducah. The reason for this is that natural uranium, even in its purest form, cannot be used in a bomb. What the Commission wants for a bomb are the fissionable materials that uranium can be made to produce.

Special Kind

There are two of these. One is a very special kind of uranium known as uranium-235, which occurs naturally but very sparingly—less than one per cent—in normal uranium metal. Our problem here is to get this "235" out, and no ordinary industrial methods can be used because "235" and normal uranium react to all chemical processes in the same way.

The other fissionable material is plutonium. This does not occur in nature, at all, not at least in any amount worth mentioning. It is not in uranium and it is not in anything else. But it is an element like gold or lead or uranium, and to make it we must produce the atoms of the element in a laboratory.

which the alchemists sought so long in vain. The problem here, then, is to change—not lead into gold—but uranium into plutonium.

To see how this is done, let us return to the slightly more than two pounds of brown oxide that has emerged from your ton of ore. Brown oxide is a simple chemical compound. It consists of one part of uranium bound chemically to two parts of oxygen. But, so long as the oxygen is present, the uranium cannot be used to produce either "235" or plutonium, and the oxygen cannot be removed except by supplanting it with something else.

Chemical Baths

So back the brown oxide goes to the chemical baths, and this time it emerges as a light green powder known as "green salt." The oxygen is gone and in its place is fluorine. To get a rough idea of how difficult this operation is, one need only recall that of all the elements in the world fluorine is probably the most corrosive. It will dissolve glass, severely corrode most metals, including stainless steel, and ignite all organic materials such as wood, clothing, many plastics, and oil. It will even react with water, and if it is introduced into overly moist, confined air, it will explode violently.

Although the process for producing it is a delicate and potentially hazardous one, green salt itself is a stable, relatively harmless compound. It is of very great value to the atomic energy programme, for it marks the starting point in the manufacture of both plutonium and uranium-235. It is here, therefore, that the road divides, one fork leading to the bomb stockpiles, via the great plutonium plants at Hanford and Savannah River, and the other via the huge uranium-235 plants at Oak Ridge, Paducah, and Portsmouth.

Let us say that half of your uranium goes in one direction and half in the other. On a purely arbitrary basis, for both are equally important, let us first follow the route marked "plutonium."

To produce plutonium, the material that is needed is pure uranium metal. This metal is rather simply obtained from green salt in one clean chemical operation that removes the fluorine from the salt and leaves pure uranium in a molten blob at the bottom of the reaction vessel. After it has cooled, you can now for the first time see your uranium in all its pristine beauty—a bright, very heavy, hard material not unlike lead in weight and not unlike nickel in colour.

Safe To Touch

Your uranium, although mildly toxic if inhaled or eaten in the form of dust, is now safe to touch and hold. And it is not unlike many other metals, such as silver, lead, and gold, except that it will form a grayish-black rust very rapidly along its surface if exposed to the air for any appreciable period of time.

Now the chemist is through with your uranium for a while, and it passes into the hands of the metallurgist and machinist. Here, with other uranium, it is cast into ingots, rolled into long rods, and then cut into relatively short cylindrical bars. To prevent deterioration through the formation of rust, it is sealed as soon as possible into light fitting aluminium cans. It is now ready for the plutonium production plant.

Let us say that one of your two pounds of uranium has found its way into a can destined for one of the plutonium plants at Hanford.

When it arrives at Hanford, your uranium is ready for the most exciting and mysterious part of its journey on the way to a bomb. Here it must be transmuted, that is, it must be changed into plutonium in the precious man-made element, plutonium.

The process by which this transmutation is accomplished is not a chemical process, but a nuclear process. It is a process that changes the very nature of the atoms of the element, and it is a process that can only be carried out in a laboratory.

graphite and uranium which is several storeys high and is known, appropriately enough, as a "nuclear reactor." The reaction which occurs in a nuclear reactor differs from a chemical reaction in that it involves, not such "large" particles of matter as molecules and the outer shells of atoms, but rather the hard, unimaginably minute inner core of an atom known as its nucleus, about which the outer particles revolve as planets around the sun.

This is the world of the Hanford process, of the nuclear chain reaction. It is the world of the proton and neutron, particles of matter so small that more than a hundred million of them would not make a speck large enough for the human eye to see. And it is the world of the physicist and radiochemist—the men of science who ceaselessly probe the mysteries of the nuclei of atoms, and whose researches first produced the knowledge that every so often a uranium-235 nucleus will split in two, releasing neutrons "bullet" which, if they can be made to strike other "235" atoms, will in turn cause these to split in two. This is the nuclear chain reaction—the process upon which the entire atomic energy programme is built.

Nuclear Fire

In many ways we can think of this reaction as a nuclear fire. In fact, people who work with reactors often refer to them as nuclear "ovens" in which they "cook" uranium. But the "fire" that is raging inside is not at all like an ordinary coal or chemical fire. For one thing, it needs no oxygen—only neutrons—to make it go. For another, unlike a chemical fire, you can't see or hear it. The billions of miniature explosions are so small and so dispersed among the uranium and graphite that they cannot be detected by any human sense of hearing.

But, just like a chemical fire, this nuclear fire produces heat and to keep the reactor from melting, it must constantly be cooled by water flowing through a network of thousands of tiny crevices.

There is another important difference between a nuclear fire and an ordinary chemical one, and that is the production by the nuclear reaction of invisible, intensely lethal rays that must be guarded against by a great shell of lead and concrete, many feet thick, surrounding the uranium and graphite core. This is what you see when you look at a reactor—the forward face of the lead and concrete shell, punctured by hundreds of small, round holes, about the size of a silver dollar hole, which the coolant water of uranium are fed at leading time.

Control Room

Now man's principal interest is to control the reaction so that it proceeds to just the right level to produce the most plutonium possible. He does this, with the aid of machinery, by manipulating metallic bars that absorb neutrons. When the atomic fire gets too hot, he pushes the bars in, thus absorbing sufficient neutrons to slow down the reaction. If the fire gets too cold, he can remedy that by pulling the bars out.

To see how this is done, let us walk into the control room from which man's influence over the nuclear reaction is directed. If you have ever been inside a television control booth, you will have a rough idea of what this control room is like. Three walls of great banks of instruments with flashing red and green lights, dials with hands that sweep interminably, and mechanical pencils that draw lines, day in and day out, on rolling sheets of graph paper. Before one wall there is a panel of instruments arranged in front of a chair and looking much like an organ console.

Here, for the first time in the reactor building, we encounter people—perhaps a man or two in a white dust coat, and maybe a girl. They are watching the lights and the graphs and the dials. Occasionally one will touch a lever or a button. Occasionally one will speak briefly into a telephone or write something down in a pad of paper. It is all very quiet and business-like, and the uninitiated, if he is in electronic phase, he cannot hope to understand.

(Continued on Page 9)

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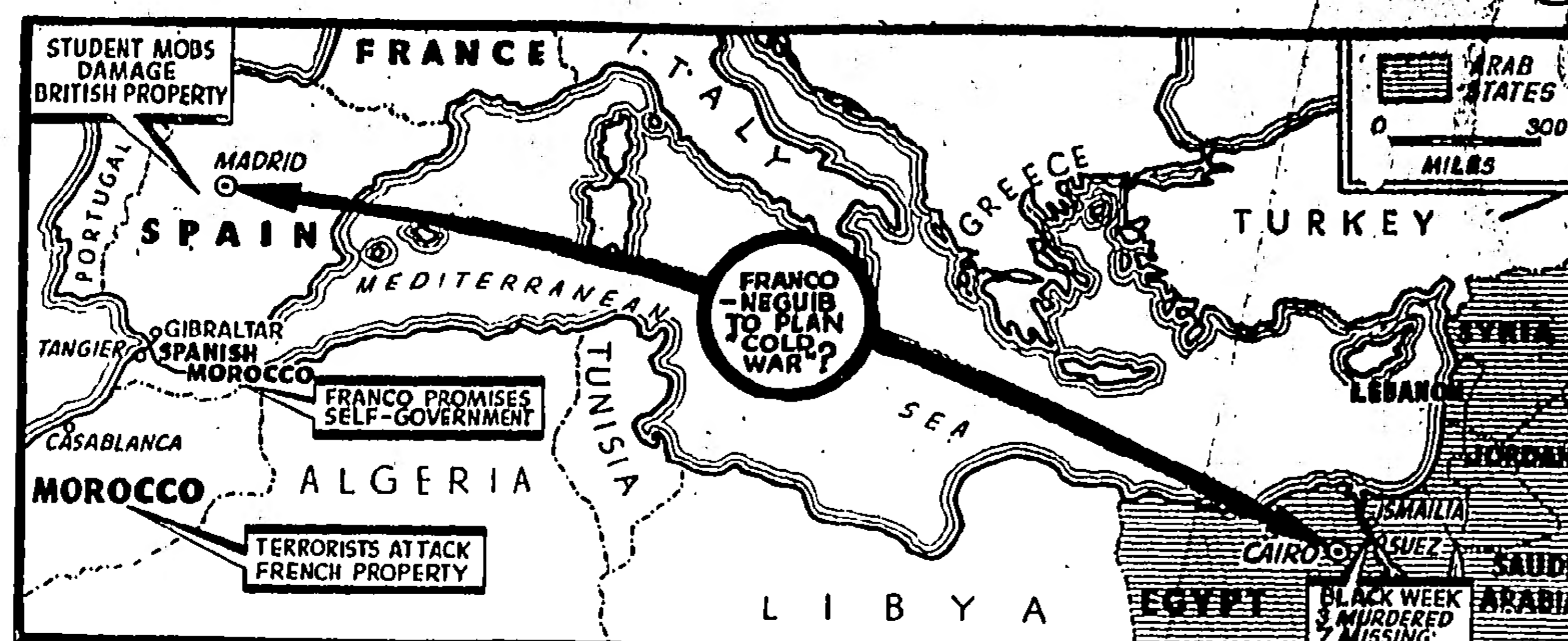


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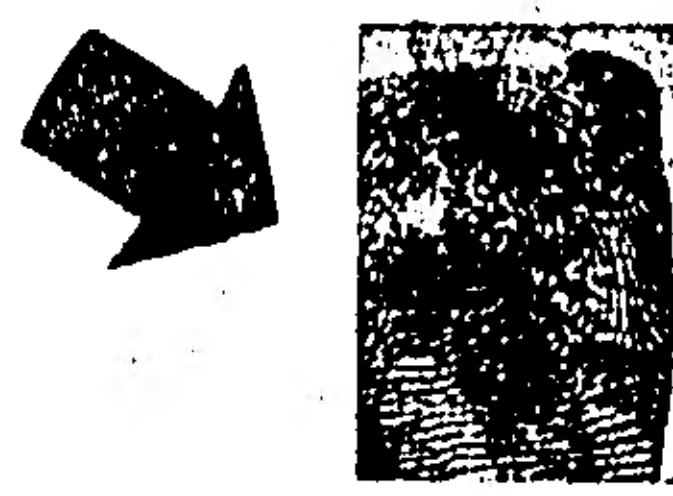
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Two Generals Plan a 'Get Out' Meeting



Would You Mind If They Took This From You?

★ A national system of fingerprint registration would help the police in their fight against crime—say some people. But would the public resent such a system? Today a new examination of the science of fingerprinting shows how it can help to catch murderers—and why it may fail.



John Clarke's mark.

LATE one night in May 1948, June Anne Devaney, aged four, was missed from her cot in the babies' ward of a Blackburn (Lancashire) hospital.

In the early hours of the morning her body was found in a hayfield in the hospital's grounds.

By the child's cot, the police found fingerprints that belonged to no one in the hospital. The prints were photographed. They did not tally with any of the 1,250,000 sets of prints kept at Scotland Yard, nor with the ten million sets filed by the world's police forces, to whom details were circulated.

To identify the prints, the Blackburn police decided to take those of every man who had been in the town at the time of the murder.

It began in India. They took 46,000 sets from men and boys over 16 (a number equivalent to the entire population of a town the size of Guildford).

The 46,263rd set of fingerprints taken agreed with those found in the babies' ward. They were those of Peter Griffiths, who later was tried, found guilty, and hanged for June Devaney's murder.

The Blackburn case is a classic in the history of fingerprints, or *dactyloscopy* (the official word for the science), which had its beginnings just under 100 years ago, in India, and is told in a book published today.

First man to see the possibilities of classifying prints for identity purposes (in the 1860s) was William Herschel, a magistrate in Bengal, where illiterates frequently "signed" documents by their thumbprint.

A few years later, Sir Francis Galton published the first of a series of works to show how fingerprints might be classified, dictionary-fashion.

First accepted. From his system, Edward Richard Henry, who was born in Shadwell in 1850, and became Inspector-General of Police in Bengal, laid the foundations of the modern science. In 1901 he founded Scotland Yard's Central Fingerprint Branch (now the Fingerprint Department).

Fingerprint evidence was accepted for the first time at the Central Criminal Court (London) in 1902, and a burglar named

Jackson, who had left his prints on some freshly-painted wood at a house in Denmark Hill, went to prison for seven years.

With knives, files, sandpaper, acid, criminals have tried to alter the pattern of loops, arches and whorls that form their fingerprints.

Surgeons failed. American gangsters hired doctors to treat them by plastic surgery. When John Dillinger was caught, it was found the skin had been removed from the tops of his fingers. But the derma, or true skin, was already beginning to make the original pattern on the new outer skin that was growing.

When the torso and arms of Stanley Setty were found in the Essex marshes in October 1949, the body had been in the water 10 days. Prints could not be taken in the normal way, but Chief Superintendent Cherrill, of the Fingerprint Department, had the skin removed from the fingertips. After treatment, these caps of skin were stretched over his own fingertips which were encased in rubber gloves. He took a perfect set of prints, and the headless body was at once identified as that of Setty.

When Dr. Buck Ruxton murdered his wife and their maid in Lancaster, in 1936, he dismembered the bodies and packed them into parcels (30 were recovered). He disposed of these in a sunken stream in Dumfriesshire, 110 miles away.

Only five refused. Two months after the crime, an arm of the maid was found, and the pattern of the derma agreed with prints found in the house in Lancaster. Until then there had been nothing definite to link the discovery in Scotland with the doctor's home, from which his wife and her maid had disappeared. As a result of the prints, identity was established, and Ruxton subsequently hanged.

In a number of murder cases cited in this book, prints that may have belonged to the murderer have been found near the body, and the murderer has remained at large. Because unless a man or woman has been in the hands of the police, no records of their prints are kept.

There are those who think a national system of fingerprint registration desirable, with the whole population's prints available on file. But there is a feeling, according to the authors, that such a step would be resisted by the public.

That may be so, yet in the mass fingerprinting undertaken at Blackburn, where no compulsion could be used, only 30 men out of 46,000 objected, and all but five of those were persuaded in the end. This book, without taking sides, leaves a large question mark in the mind: Is it foolish, these days, to be so fussy?

John Clarke

JOHNNY HAZARD



SUDAN SEEKS A LEADER

By JAMES WRIGHTON

BEFORE Arab slavers came up-river with chains and rawhide whips, the black pagan Nilotic tribesmen of South Sudan were wandering over savannah and swamp driving their cattle before them.

Still naked and bearing spears, they have just voted in the birth of a nation three times the size of Egypt.

A quarter of the Sudan's population, ownign a million head of cattle and with iron and copper beneath their lands, they have become a potential force in a new state.

But they have not lost their resentment against the descendants of their slave-masters in North Sudan who still term them infidel savages and bar them from swank clubs in Khartoum.

In the next three years they will have time to ponder the effect of the election which marks the beginning of the Sudan's independence.

They will decide whether they can stomach the rule of their lighter-skinned, better educated Moslem neighbours, who will take over most of the 144 senior government posts from the British.

Well aware of the tension between North and South

Powerful Sects

These two men each lead powerful Moslem sects—the Ansar and the Khatimla—who form the core of two main parties, the Umma and the National Unionists.

In turn, Umma have shown apparent friendship for Britain. The Unionists prefer Egypt. This has been a policy of convenience for the election.

Now that is over the National Unionists, who won the election, will get down to the real issue.

Primarily this is a struggle between the two Soudans and their fanatical followers. But right along the desert frontier there looms the shadow of ambitious Nguib and his land-hungry Egyptians.

Egypt invaded the Sudan in 1821 for the very reason that again exists today—the lack of fundamental Sudanese unity.

In his book, "River War," Churchill said of Sudanese inability to throw out the invaders: "they were destitute of two moral forces essential to rebellions. The first was knowledge that better things existed. The second was the spirit of combination. General Gordon showed them the first. The Mahdi provided the second."

Today they have better things—the great British-planned Gezira cotton scheme, stretching for a million acres along the Blue Nile, and the dams which control the Nile and thereby the life of both the Sudan and Egypt.

Envy And Fear. The Sudanese, North and South, have also inherited a knowledge of peaceful administration from the British.

But while the British have brought progress to the Sudan, they have aroused the envy and fear of Egypt.

And now that the British are leaving according to their promise, the Sudan once more faces the threat that existed before the British expelled the Egyptians in 1873.

Before the plebiscite in three years to decide whether the Sudan will link with Egypt, there is time to unite the new state.

This can only be achieved through the Soudans. If neither of them rise to the occasion, the way will be open for Egyptian intrigue, secession of the South and, perhaps, bloodshed.

The time is ripe for another Mahdi.

**BALDNESS
WORRIED
CAESAR**

By CLEMENT D. JONES

JULIUS Caesar's bald spot may have been partially, if indirectly, responsible for his assassination.

His steadily receding hairline had been a source of worry and wounded vanity for many years, and by the time of his death in 44 B.C., Caesar's efforts to combat it had resulted in a new-style haircut for Roman men.

Instead of keeping his few, long, remaining strands horizontally—as some men do today, attempting to conceal their unimpaired pate—Caesar pulled his straight forward, seeking to create the illusion of a youthful brow.

It inspired widespread imitation during Caesar's lifetime, even among those Romans who had no bald patches to hide, according to F.M. Pasinetti, an Italian scholar and novelist.

Suetonius and other ancient Roman authors are authorities for the fact that Caesar liked to appear wearing a laurel wreath on every possible occasion because it helped to hide his baldness.

But his fondness for the laurel also appeared to offer tangible proof of the overweening "ambition" for which Brutus, Cassius, Cato and other conspirators decided he must be slain.

The conspirators had little doubt that Caesar wished to be crowned king. If he did, they reasoned, he probably would have welcomed a crown as a badge of power.

...this situation calls for a **San Miguel**

At one end of the Mediterranean is General Franco, at the other end General Naghib. Besides all the gilt decorations of epaulettes, each of the Generals also has a chip on his shoulder. Franco wants the British out of Gibraltar; Naghib wants the British out of the Canal Zone.

For reasons possibly not unconnected with the let's-abbreviate attitude of some British politicians, the Generals judge this a good time to agitate. It is suggested that they will meet to plan a joint raid on Britain.

Or has the cold war already started? In the Canal Zone there were 255 attacks on Britons last year, and there have been 20 this year already. Eleven Britons were killed last year, and three have been killed this month.

It has been black in Spain, where student demonstrations mounted in fury and where Franco, courting the Arab States, promises to give Spanish Morocco self-government—thereby touching off trouble for the French in adjacent French Morocco.

In war and peace the 10,000 British troops in the Canal Zone do an international job, for Suez must be guarded and kept open for the trade of the free world. In time of war certainly the Britons on Gibraltar do an essential job for Britain and her allies. Without control of "The Rock", Malta could not have survived the conquest of North Africa could not have been achieved, the invasion of Italy could not have been launched in the last war.

And, for the record, it is interesting that the British have held Gibraltar for 250 years. It belonged to Spain, for only 242 years, and before that it was held by the Moors, who took it from the Teutonic Goths when there was no Spanish nation.

The Spaniards have less title to Gibraltar than the British, and must rage in vain.

Why Does The Army Lack Recruits?

I WAS SHOCKED BY THE MEN WHO CAN'T READ

London.

WHEN, in the war, I joined the Navy, I was put in a hut with 30 other men. One of these could write, little more than his name.

So I wrote his letters—and the things I said in his name to a girl on Tyneside make my hair stand on end to this day. He in his turn helped me to put studs in my boots—a job at which I was incompetent.

He was 40 years old. He could not write because, from the time he left school 21 years previously, he had had no reason to practise. His illiteracy was understandable.

Quarter are out

But what has really shocked me this week is to find that all the present-day applicants for the Regular Army, one-quarter have to be rejected mainly because they cannot read or write properly.

These are not men of 40 who are long out of school and who have had no cause to write since they left. These are 18-year-olds, only three years out of school; and yet, when at a London recruiting depot, I looked at the application forms that some of the successful candidates, I saw that their writing was worse than that of my eight-year-old daughter.

As for reading, the recruiting officer told me that most of the men could mouth the words in the simple application form. But the effort so manifested some of them that they became wholly incapable of absorbing their meaning.

Even allowing that the present 18-year-olds did much of their schooling in wartime, when schools were blitzed or evacuated, and many good teachers were in the services, these facts are a shattering criticism of our educational system, with its overcrowded classes, and not always fully trained teachers.

Unless remedied, they are certain to pull back the whole country's standard of life. Already, to some extent, they are affecting the efficiency of the Army. In 1952, as it happened, recruiting for the regular army, at 43,000, was an all-time record. But that was the first year of the tempting new scheme whereby a man instead of doing National Service for two years at a basic pay of £5 a day, can get a basic pay of £7 a day by signing on as a regular for three years.

During the past year, however, the attractions—even of that scheme—have palled—recruiting in 1953 was only 30,000—and if National Service is abolished or diminished they would fall still further.

If that happens the fact that 25 percent of applicants are illiterate for service, would be a serious obstacle to the maintenance of a regular army at anything like the present level of around 200,000 men.

The Army has a very serious problem. About half the recruits sign on only for three years. Nearly all have the option to come out at the end of each three-year-period of service. An alarmingly large proportion are taking up their option.

By J. P. W.
MALLALIEU, MP.

They come into the recruiting station—as I saw for myself—lively-eyed, keen, and ready to join the Army as, perhaps, their fathers did before them, keen to get a wider experience in their life than civilian life seems to offer, keen for the adventure and travel which the Army can give. But, after a few years, they've had a basinal and come out just when the Army finds them most useful.

Alarmingly large numbers of NCOs—the men who are especially needed to train both Regular recruits and National Service men—have bought their discharge since that right was restored a short while ago. Many more are refusing to sign for a further term when their present terms expire.

Real solution

And the reason is—homesickness. It is not possible in present circumstances to ensure that wives can be near their serving husbands. Wives cannot go to Korea. We cannot build married quarters in Malayan jungles. I hope it is not going to be worth while to build married quarters in Kenya.

As a result, one NCO told me, he had seen his wife for a total of three weeks in five years. So far as he was concerned, the Army has now had it.

Maybe still further increases in pay might help—at present a senior NCO gets the equivalent of a civilian foreman's pay, but has to suffer the disadvantage of long separations from home. But the real solution would be to cut down the period of overseas service.

We could only do that by decreasing our commitments overseas or by increasing the number of efficient NCOs. The chances of doing the latter are very slight so long as our level of education remains so low.

Signing off

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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Catching A Breath Of Summer From Rome

Stripes And Straw For The Beach

ROME is the city that blazes a sun-shine trail towards the clothes women will be wearing on the beaches when summer finally comes.

And Rome is where ROBB, the top artist in the field of fashion, has taken his sketchbook to bring you the news that is in ideas.

Stripes and straw... that's the keynote this year. They dominate all the holiday wear collections—and football jerseys in every mix-up of colour are flaring ahead of other summer styles that almost qualify for fancy dress!

Most of the jerseys are of fine wool. And straw which looks like linen is made into hats, bags, sandals, and even the frames of sun-spots.

Do not laugh off these styles. Crazy, maybe—but you'll be seeing their influence on the beaches.

by Robb



★ THIS is the winner—easy-to-wear slacks and football jersey. The pockets of the slacks, set at an angle, are pushed well to the front, and the trouser ends are slit in front. The bright-coloured handkerchief scarf is still popular.



★ THE girl above sheltering under the roof—"hat" is too simple a word for the huge concoction of rainbow-coloured artificial straw on her head—worn a jersey-jacket edged with multi-coloured piping. The beach trousers are of striped linen.

Next to her: Knotted woolen hat, straw-trimmed "shaggy dog" sun glasses; outside striped jersey; slit-to-the-knees jeans; black straw sandals—the lot.



★ HERE, in one outfit, are three points to note. A red knitted pirate hat; a sailor jacket with deep collar, worn over a red and white striped jersey; and a typical skirt.



★ HOW gay can you get? How crazy can you get? Robb spotted in Rome these pistils of pinstriped straw, tied with bright ribbon, to give sun-glasses that little girl look.

To Look Fashionable, Watch The Dresden Shepherdess

By Dorothy Barkley

London. THIS is the time of year when lots of new lines and new looks make a bow to the fashion world. But they don't apply to clothes and hats alone. Far from it. Once designers are in the mood for thinking up new creations there's no stopping them.

★ ★ ★

So it was no surprise to find a new cosmetic fashion being launched with the London collections. What was the surprise was to find that it takes us away from the "film star" look back to a "natural" look. It is of the china pink, Dresden shepherdess variety, and was shown by several top models, including Barbara Goalen and Sylvia Shelley.

There's usually a reason for cosmetic fashions and the reason for this particular one, we are

told, is that it goes with the sugar almond shade seen on the new shantungs and silk prints.

But London women have found a better reason than this. Most of them never felt less like a Dresden shepherdess. So they are only too glad to know how they can disguise a blue nose, cover up wind beaten cheeks, and acquire a pink-and-white china complexion instead.

Here is the way the models achieved it. First, on went an undercoat of whitening cream—rounds like painting the dining room walls, but don't let that discourage you. Then came rose tinted foundation cream, rouge and powder, and, for emphasis, a vivid lipstick. If you want to follow the models down to the last eyelash, you'll need a narrow line of violet eyeshadow just behind the lashes.

★ ★ ★

Success with a hat this season, according to Ronald Paterson, depends on two things. First, the size: the hat must be either tiny or large. Second, the material: it must be a combination of two. For instance, he wears straw with polka-dot tulle, edges velvet with a fringe of straw.

For a small hat he chooses thin pillbox shape and trims it with a long spike of a feather. But watch that feather. It could create havoc. Your best friends won't thank you if you wear it to a crowded party, and neither will strangers if you have it on in a packed theatre.

For a large hat, the sky's the limit, and Paterson makes one with an east-to-west brim. But hold on to that hat if there's a breeze about. If you don't, one gust and it will have gone with the wind.

★ ★ ★

Sybil Connolly, the Irish designer, this season goes all-out to show that Ireland can produce other fashions than flannels, linen and tweeds.

There's a dash of the glamorous in her new collection, too.

Words Of The Wise

We cannot tell the precise moment when friendship is formed. As in filling a vessel drop by drop, there is at last a drop which makes it run over; so in a series of kindnesses there is at last one which makes the heart run over.—(James Boswell)

Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.—(Joseph Addison)

Nothing seems so tragic to one who is old as the death of one who is young, and this alone proves that life is a good thing.—(Zoe Akins)

one evening dress in white organza with a violet print.

And she gives an unconventional air to the flannels, linen and tweeds that she does use. Red flannel—the Victorian Petticoat material—is quilted and turned into a full length evening coat. Fine linen is hand-embroidered, pleated and made into evening dresses. Her tweeds are "whitewashed." That's the Connolly contribution to current fashion terminology, and it means that her tweeds are all in pale colours—pink, yellow and white.

★ ★ ★

Right now, all the London stores are filled with the new colours. And it's nice to know that we can look forward to:

New prints, with checks and floral designs in the lead. I've seen white cotton embroidered with a fine grey check, used for a V-necked dress with black piping and buttons, and white cotton sprigged with a black floral design made into a sun dress and bolero.

New types of cotton, with quilted cotton leading the list of newcomers. It has a pink and white Regency striped pattern and is seen on anything from skirts to brunch coats and bedjackets.

New popularity for our very old friend (remember your Victorian heroines?) gingham. Last seen made up into rompers suits for the under-ones or decorating kitchen windows in country cottages, it has now gone up in the fashion world. To give it a modern look, the short sleeves and the collar out on the front. Full skirts with unpressed pleats, and a swish of white lace banding—the idea.

New accessories to go with cotton dresses, cotton jersey cardigans with collar and front facing to match the dress. They solve the problem of what to wear with a cotton dress when it's too hot for a jacket, and too warm for a cardigan. They're perfect.

NO ZIP, NO HOOK, NO BUTTON—JUST A CORD

THE ABRACADABRA DRESSES

PARIS. SCHIAPARELLI is showing free and easy frocks, with no hooks, buttons, zips or belts, that slip on and off in a couple of seconds. She has christened them "Abracadabra" dresses.

A drawstring back tie helps to mould them to the figure.

Most interesting feature from this house was the shorter length of the full evening frock—three inches from the ground.

Hand-painted

Schiaparelli, as always, excels in her beautiful choice of colours and gay casual clothes.

She combines navy blue with minnows' yellow, embroidered white muslin with coral clouds or flame coloured sweet peas, and uses her old love "stuck-in-pink" with black and more surprisingly with purple.

Many cotton dresses have false embroidery and bows hand-painted on to the material. With their light white jersey play suits were shown brilliant nylon "bathyscaphes" designed to protect the head and shoulders from the sun.

Fur beach slippers

Amazing accessories included wine-shaped sun-glasses made of feathers, fur beach slippers, knee-length satin breeches for lounging at home, and buttons of various sizes and shapes of various materials.

DIOR CALLS IN THE NAVY

The sailor boy and the butcher boy kill off the Princess Look

PARIS. CHRISTIAN DIOR showed a navy blue, down-to-the-sea collection with sailor collars, boaters, sailor hats, French maitre d' caps, and jewelled anchors and battleships. Every nice girl is going to adore this sailor.

No Paris designer says goodbye more firmly to the Princess look than fashion dictator Dior, who created it.

Navy blue is his choice for Spring. Dior calls this bright shade Blue of Paris and teams it with white, lilac, a new shade of peach, and all the flower tones for evening.

LIKE APRONS

Many of his suits and coats are in fine white and blue stripes like butcher-boy aprons. Only short dinner dresses remain strictly black.

The general silhouette is of three widths. First the larger hats; next the blouse bodices with their many sailor collars and low cut-in sleeves, giving the shoulder width; and lastly the wider skirts, springing from tiny waists with the graceful swing of small all-round box pleats.

Skirts are still short, but not quite as extreme as last season. They have stabilised at an average of 17 inches from the ground.

FOR CAREER GIRL

Top coats have acquired a more tailored look and cease to resemble dressing-gowns. Set-in sleeves and fitted waists give a sleeker line and we see more gay sailor collars and the return of navy-chalk-stripe flannel and fine serge.

The career girl is going to applaud Dior's "breakfast to dinner" ensemble. Tailored jackets, in wool or silk, cover décolleté, strapped dresses, and give the appearance of suits.

For dinner dates the little dresses are festive enough for dancing, and many have a third, detachable sailor cape collar. Court shoes with pointed toes are a mixture of calf and suede. Navy for morning, black for after-day. For cocktails and

after they are in silk or kid to match their ensemble. With sports outfits, moccasins appear, and for evening feather-light sandals or charming satin slippers with pointed toes and low Louis XIV heels.

Over the black silk restaurant frock Dior puts full loose coats of brilliant, flower-strewn shantung, organza or muslin.

Only black mark against this Star of Spring collection is the return of the strappless evening dress. Dior sometimes hides these under tiny decolette over-blouses of satin or chiffon, and fills in the neckline with countless interwoven strings of transparent beads.

Most beautiful of the embroideries in coloured silks was of flowers, bees and butterflies. With their bell-skirted evening gowns models wore small velvet bows in their hair or black velvet bands carrying tiny curled osprey feathers.

And congratulations to the most sensible hairdresser in Paris—Guillaume who dressed the Dior mannequins' hair.

He followed no style, but dressed each head to flatter its owner. The result was buns, short curls, waved folds, teary-weasies. A delightful change from the uniform hair styles of most Paris models.

FAIRY GODMOTHER

If Cinderella had lived in Paris, then Carven would have been her Fairy Godmother.

Madame Carven is the designer for jeunes filles. She can take a flat-chested, gawky school-girl, fresh from her gym tunics and hockey sticks, and turn her swiftly into one of those half-shy, half-sophisticated creatures who marry eligible young men and get their pictures in the glossy magazines.

Younger Set fashions shown by her included: butcher-boy stripes for costumes and street clothes in white and navy-blue, tight white pique cuffs showing just below loose cap sleeves; apron skirts over basic sheaths.

GREEK STYLE

Most unusual note in the Jacques Griffe collection is the Greek tunic, rather like a sleeveless chemise, falling full of pleats from a low round neck. The dress is shaped to figure by shoe-string ties which outline the bust and give a high waist-line.

all are cut away from the throat. Top coats are three-quarter length, loose, square and generally collarless.

Day dresses have interesting bows and kid belts that rest on the top of the hips.

Hats were the most amusing we have seen in Paris. Basically small, shallow pills they were trimmed with every kind of eccentricity—2½" feathered plumes, straw pigstails; and for evening chignons of ribbons and flowers.

—Eileen Ascroft

'SUCH A SILLY JOB'—BUT SHE'S A HIT

By VINETTA MURRAY

THE London fashion show I would as a secretary, because I have secreted a dress I got cheaply, and I can travel.

She is the girl who turned every head, though. There were other nice-looking girls, but she was the one who was the hit.

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AT St John's Cathedral after their wedding last week: Mr and Mrs Derek le Doux Wedekind and friends. The bride was Miss Mary Elizabeth Hill. (Staff Photographer)

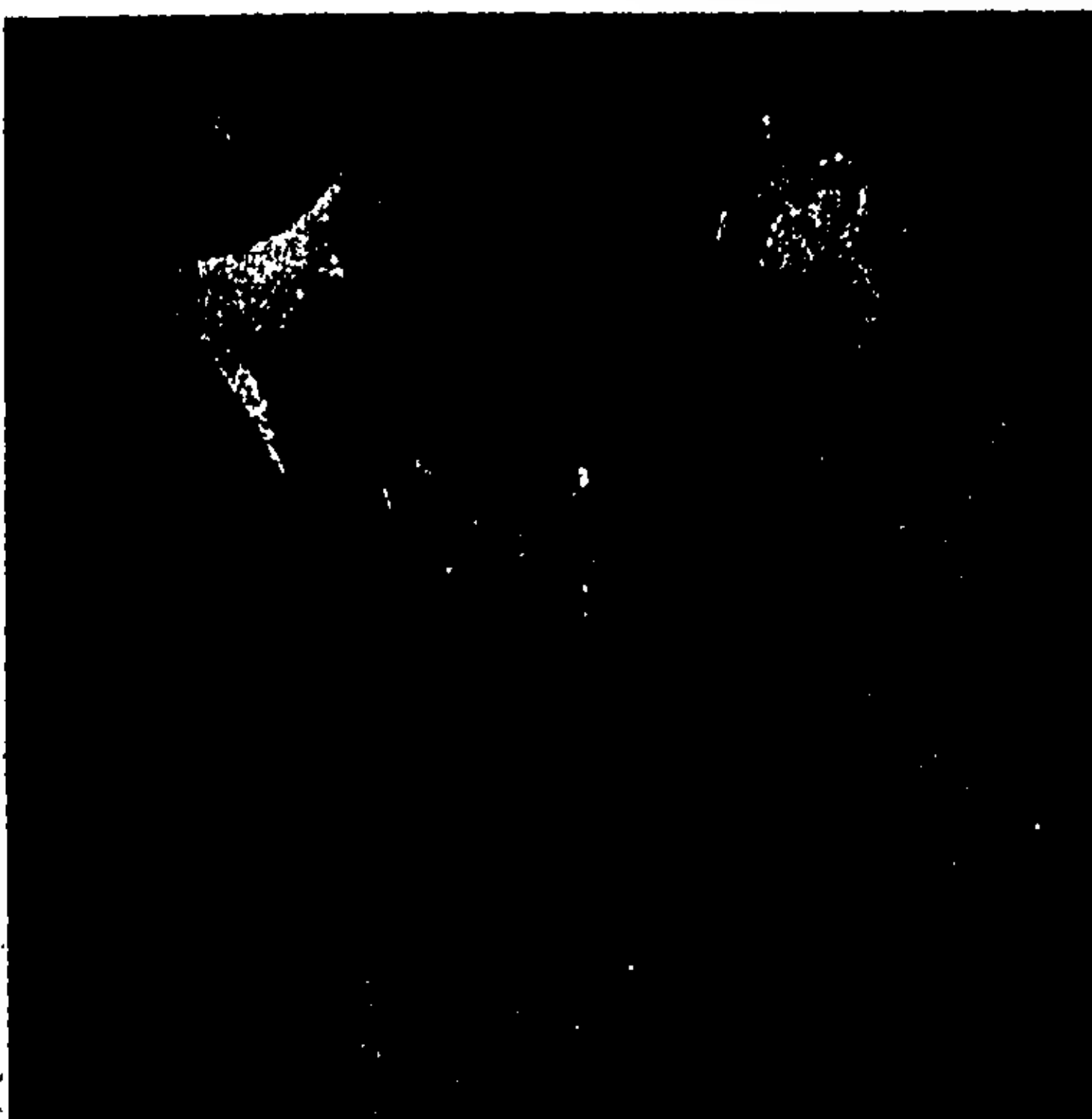


TAKEN at the annual ball of the British Medical Association, Hongkong and China Branch: In the centre is Surgeon Capt. W. R. S. Panckridge; on the left Dr Li Shu-fan, and on the right Miss E. Wakeham, Matron of the Royal Naval Hospital. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Public Works Department architects and engineers show to His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, plans of the public projects which he inspected on Wednesday. (Staff Photographer)



AT the official table on the occasion of the Hongkong Rotary Club Ladies' Night at the Repulse Bay Hotel last Saturday. From left: Mr W. V. Pennell, Mrs Todd, Mr George Lin, President, Mrs Pennell and the Hon. R. R. Todd. (Staff Photographer)



MRS F. C. J. Smith presenting a cup to Corporal Mulvaney, high hurdles champion, at the conclusion of the 27 HAA Regt, RA, inter-battery athletic sports last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Commodore A. H. Thorold photographed with the SEE (D) team who won the Royal Naval Dockyard Athletic Association miniature soccer championship on Sunday. (Staff Photographer)



FRIENDS of Mr and Mrs H. W. E. Haath at the christening of their son, Peter Edward, at St John's Cathedral last week. (Ming Yuen)

RIGHT: Captain Joe Neville Mottram, KASC, and his bride, formerly Miss June Patricia Mary Garfit. The wedding took place last Saturday at St Andrew's Church. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW LEFT: Double christening at St John's Cathedral last Sunday of David Allan Glyn and Diane Caroline, children of Mr and Mrs E. G. Jones. (Ming Yuen)

BELOW RIGHT: Mrs Furnivall, wife of Col. L. T. Furnivall, presenting a prize to Mrs T. R. Hunter who won the ladies' dash at the Royal Army Medical Corps sports. (Staff Photographer)

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SPANISH BASE

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Islam Fights For Life In Soviet Russia

By JAMES WICKENDEN

A CROWD jostles through the rabbit-warren bazaars of Bokhara. Some wear Astrakhan shaggy hats. Others pad along in felt boots. Slouching Tartars, squat Kurds and wild looking Tajiks, Kazakhs and Kirghizi argue, bargain or pass on their way.

They are Moslems, part of the millions who people a region nearly two-thirds the size of China. Once they were independent, now they are Soviet subjects in Russia's Central Asian colonies.

Some of these men have tramped from the silent wastes of the Kara Kum desert. There the smooth white sand dunes, heaped in wind shapes by the cold, northeast wind, stretch without a blade of grass over two-thirds of Turkistan to the edge of the Aral Sea.

Others remember the coloured tiles and blue minarets of Samarkand, the poplar groves, the maize fields and the melons.

All recall, if vaguely, old tales about doe-eyed maidens and fierce warriors and, out in the wastelands, stand black ruins to remind them of a glorious past.

Their forebears built the finest square in the world, the Uluq Beg white minaret. They also bred the Invaders of Persia, and the conquerors of India and Turkey.

Minarets Crumble

NOW the minarets crumble through neglect, and the walls are defaced by posters of next week's football match. There seems to be no past and no future, unless it be Communism.

The Communists have achieved much in their efforts to crush nomadic life, local patriotism and Islam, so that this region will produce for Moscow. Already the new colonies rank third as world growers of cotton, surpassed only by the USA and the Indian sub-continent. Nearly two million more acres have been irrigated; the manufacture of fertiliser has been established on a large scale; and natural rubber, sugar beet, tea, copper and uranium have been developed.

The new master of this remote and valuable region is Khrushchev, recently promoted Number Two to Molotov. In the Party leadership, under Communism's fifth year plan, he appears ready to make concessions to local feelings so that production will be increased.

For the alien Russian conquerors are not having things all their own way. Although the Communists have a stranglehold on their subjects the fires of resistance still burn.

These melons and onions, for instance, selling for such a good price in the bazaar, were illicitly grown in water diverted at night from the Russian irrigation canals.

Workers who should be toiling at the collective farms are asleep in their mud huts, gratefully taking advantage of a mysterious muddle. They were called to shear 3,000 sheep, but only twelve were given shears. The other 58 had nothing to do for days.

At another station, ten out of eleven new electric shears were broken. The remaining one was idle for want of an operator.

Such muddles also work to the advantage of local Russian officials. As a connective farm recently, the management were worried about the accounts. It seems that Chairman Dzhembaev was paid 4,078 roubles more than the lawful amount, and the manager of the sheep farm, Tokusken, 3,400 roubles. Many of the local farmers received not a penny.

Saw No Point

IN the face of such inefficiency, the farmers were glad they had not planted the quota of potatoes and sugar beet. They saw no point in working for problematical pay and, in any case, their Russian masters did not see fit to pay a reasonable price for these crops.

When the figures had been laboriously gathered, Khrushchev was able to complain that none of the targets had been met. Cotton output was behind, the livestock situation was grave, there were not enough trained operatives, the building of winter shelters for animals was not up to schedule.

And there is even corruption among the Russian officials. The wife of the milk farm manager Eshenko, and the wives of the brigadiers in charge of fodder production, do not like collective farm work, complained a Communist paper. These women pretended they were ill, but loaded carts to the top with fruit and sold it in the bazaar for their own profit.

To the locals' delight a Russian dentist was found out. In the Tashkent district, Comrade Voloshin used to tell his patients: "These teeth will have to be extracted," and on seeing a patient's face drop, would assure him: "I will give you two new ones in their place."

Always Attacked

THEN his voice would become seductive: "You had better come to my home; I can make them more quickly and cheaply than there." This gave the dentist the chance to pocket fees due to the State.

But the Turkistanis do not accept these incidents as evidence of Russian laxity. They know too well the relentless harshness underlying the policies of their masters' even against their personal beliefs and culture.

Their religious and community attitudes in the classroom, at

mass meetings and in the newspapers. Their epic and folk-lore are repressed, and their history is rewritten.

Most newspaper articles follow the same pattern:

"Religion, by reason of its slavish and expeditious character, is and always will be a reactionary ideology irreconcilable with that of the fighter for Communism."

This argument is beyond their understanding. But they realise Moscow's intentions in this:

"Religion is incompatible with science. It justifies the feudal attitude towards women in the name of Allah... however the time will not be far distant when no trace will be left of all survivals of the past, INCLUDING RELIGION."

The Turkistanis Moslems regard this as blasphemy. They cannot understand how anyone can put forth such views. They do not know that, in case local editors lose the thread of the latest Communist line, there is a dictation speed telephone service from Moscow, over which

SAM WHITE'S PARIS NEWSLETTER

THE CULTURAL ATTACHE DEFINES HER NEW JOB

ANYONE searching for a Paris musical comedy successor to "Call Me Madam" should take a look at the Embassy of the Dominican Republic in Paris.

Consider its cast. First, there is that great Latin lover, Porfirio Rubirosa, recently publicly fired from his post as Minister of the Embassy by his former father-in-law, President Trujillo, and promptly reinstated after his marriage to heiress Barbara Hutton.

Then there is the new Madame Rubirosa as "the hostess with the mostest on the ball." Finally, a former cabaret singer, now married to a millionaire Dominican contractor, has the true-life role as the Embassy's "cultural attache."

AFFECTIONATE TITLE

She is Madame Lucienne de Benitez Roxach, better known to Parisians as La Mome Molosse ("this little sparrow"). This is an affectionate title bestowed on her before the war, when she entertained night club patrons with her lusty singing.

Madame Roxach is a small, plump woman with a ruddy complexion. When I saw her in a fashionable bar she was dressed in her usual daytime uniform of tailored slacks, a dark jacket and a small hat.

covered her brilliant henna-purple hair. On a finger she wore a ring with a half-inch square sapphire.

I talked to her about her Embassy job and she gave me a new definition of culture. "Being cultural attache," she explained, "means simply introducing the ambassador to the right people. I have to help him because I know everybody in Paris. Sometimes I say to him, 'No, you must not ask so-and-so because he is a secret Communist,' for example. Or 'You must ask so-and-so.' Then I help him, too, with the menus and the wine."

Was her post an honorary one? Indeed not. "I get well paid for it," she told me.

Of her old friend Rubirosa, she said: "He is a nice boy. He knows how to wear his clothes." She has several flats and houses in Paris, but prefers to live in a hotel.

Next week she will go to St. Moritz, then on to the Riviera, where her yacht is anchored and where she owns a villa.

Now, one wonders, does the Dominican Ambassador really, during her long absence without her "cultural guidance,"

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Now, one wonders, does the Dominican Ambassador really, during her long absence without her "cultural guidance,"

NOW THE 'IT GIRL' PACES AWAY THOSE SLEEPLESS HOURS

By Donald Ludlow

New York. PLUMP, fading woman of 47 paces her room in a Hollywood private sanatorium, dreading the coming darkness that brings sleeplessness.

Only her thick, bright Auburn hair reminds her doctors and nurses that Clara Bow was the "It Girl" of the roaring 'twenties, the screen's personification of flaming youth—at \$5,000 a week in an era before taxes.

Ever since the star faded with the coming of the talkies, in 1928, she has suffered from ill-health. Her once famous vitality was drained away by a succession of nervous breakdowns that have led to chronic insomnia.

She tried one type of cure after another, everything from knitting (as "vocational therapy") to psycho-analysis.

A year ago more continuous treatment was advised, and she went into this nursing home high in the hills.

From her window she can see the outlines of the studios and the twinkling

lights of the city where she was once a leading star.

But just now her thoughts are not in the past but in the future—with her husband, Rex Bell, one-time cowboy star, and their sons, George, 15, and Toni, 18.

When the strain is not too intense, her doctors encourage her to go out and visit old friends.

Jack Dempsey is one of them. Gilbert Roland, one of her old leading men, with whom she once was linked in a headlined romance, is another. But most of the time she receives no visitors.

In searching for ways to pass the time she has discovered a new talent and a new hobby.

The talent is painting in oils. The hobby is writing to the new stars of television, which she watches for hours. The star who once topped all fan-mail lists has become a fan herself.

Once she began to write her life story, but put it aside after a few chapters. It might have been a best seller, for it would



Remember? This was "It."

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(30 day Excursion Fare \$960)

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ARTIE'S HEADLINE



"I guessed he was a McCarthy man when he asked me if it was animal, vegetable or un-American."

Hemingway's Advance On Paris

ERNEST HEMINGWAY. By Philip Young. Bell, 12s. 6d. 244 pages.

WHEN Ernest Miller Hemingway was a small boy, his mother, who sang in First Congregational Church, Oak Park, Chicago, gave him a 'cello. But his father, a big, bearded doctor, who liked fishing, gave him a shot-gun. Ernest preferred the gun.

From that moment "it was clear what kind of writer he would grow up to be. The kind of writer who liked bull-fighting, belted generals, and dreamt of being a general. The kind of author who writes at 14th, 12th, (and fights at 10th, lighter); who has been shot, in combat, through both feet, both knees, both arms, both hands, plus six times in the head. Battle honors, five bronze medals, one silver medal, one aluminum knecap.

This one-man casualty list was surprised in his first campaign (Italian Front, First World War) to find himself afraid. By the time the Second War came he had trained himself to be completely, dramatically fearless. One theory is that he had written the fear out of his system. By that time, he had also outlived an embarrassing resemblance to Clark Gable which brought him offers of Hollywood parts.

Invading Europe as a war correspondent (1944), Hemingway found himself attached to the army of Patton, a flamboyant, gun-toting general, a kind of Hemingway who did not write. Disliking this rival commander, Hemingway disengaged his forces and, in alliance with another American army, advanced on Paris.

At one moment, Task Force Hemingway was 62 miles ahead of more cautious units and its leader was demanding tank support. "I always keep a pin in the map for old Ernie," said the divisional commander.

Old Ernie imposed his authority on 200 French irregulars, innocent youths who believed that nobody under the rank of general would have an aide-de-camp, personal relations officer, cook, photographer, driver and special liquor ration.

At the head of these troops, Hemingway liberated the Ritz Hotel in the Place Vendôme. Said one of his French sentries to a late-comer: "Papa took good hotel. Plenty stuff in cellar. You go up quick."

Papa—who had grown a beard to go with his favourite nickname—barely escaped a court martial after this exploit: got a medal instead.

After the war, having been saved from death by 16 million units of penicillin, he wrote a (bad) novel, *Across the River and Into the Trees*, about a general who dies.

Hemingway is a champion heavy-weight, deep-sea fisherman, a variety of rooster, has been named after him. He is erudite on navigation, military history, jazz-fighters and bull-dogs.

Once he elaborately and eloquently denounced "the

American female." He has been married four times, each time to an American.

Between the wars, this restless, open-air figure played hard ("Few men have been able to stand the strain of relaxing with Hemingway for long," said Damon Runyon), worked hard.

He evolved (from the Old Testament, Mark Twain, and a strange American woman, Gertrude Stein), a way of writing, simple, repetitive, deceptively simple, kind of controlled and purposeful mauling, which exactly suited what he wanted to do.

This was to write novels of a despairing, violent world: "Waste Land smelling of cordite; to express a novel bitter romanticism. Not one of his novels contains a heroine who is more than a pilant doll.

Philip Young is a critic who conducts the most interesting and acute inspection to date of an author who thinks critics have an actively pernicious influence on writers.

Now a legendary figure, Hemingway dwells in Cuba, tending his blood-pressure with pills and giving the young advice on life, love & literature. Advice on literature: "Read everything, so you'll know what you have to beat."

Among other things, they have to beat first-famous, still-best Hemingway novel, *Farewell to Arms*.

★ **Casanova Went To Sea** AUGUSTUS HERVEY'S JOURNAL. Kimber, 25s. 349 pages.

PAUSE before you condemn too harshly the dissolute life to which Augustus Hervey confers in his journal.

Pause and consider the marital misadventure into which he was plunged as a young man with no money, little sense, Whig principles and a desire to win glory in the naval service of his country.

He was 20, a lieutenant, about to sail for the West Indies, when at Winchester, one day in 1744, he met the undeniably beautiful Miss Elizabeth Chudleigh, orphan of a former Governor of Chelsea Hospital and Maid of Honour to the Princess of Wales.

Was Augustus discouraged by the thought that, at 24, "the young lady was already some-what shop-soiled? She had been under the protection of William Putney, her, tiring of the girl, had her made a Maid of Honour.

To young sailors such deterrents have less than the normal force.

It is even unlikely that Augustus suspected that there

might be some connection between Miss Chudleigh's passion for him and the fact that he was heir to his brother, the Earl of Bristol, who, by a coincidence, was then at death's door.

The marriage took place, secretly, in a tiny church in the grounds of Lansdown House, near Salisbury. The romantic bridegroom left for his ship; the bride resumed her duties as Maid of Honour. And the Earl of Bristol recovered.

Years followed during which Augustus paused occasionally in his pursuit of duchesses, the wife of a Duke, Portuguese nuns (for whom he had a particular partiality) to be "very much displeased with many things I hear of Miss Chudleigh's conduct," and at last to take "a resolution of never having any more to do in that affair."

About this time Miss Chudleigh had appeared at the Venetian Ambassador's ball at Somerset House in a state of delectable so advanced that a sharp-tongued witness wrote, "Miss Chudleigh's dress was remarkable. She was light-colored for the occasion, but so asked that the high priest might easily inspect the entrails of the victim. The Maids of Honour (not of maids (i.e. strictest) were so offended they would not speak to her."

When the Earl of Bristol appeared once more to be at the point of death, Elizabeth rushed down to the little church at Lansdown and induced the old parson to enter the details of her secret wedding. In the register, explaining "it is as good as a hundred thousand pounds in my pocket." But the Earl again recovered.

In disgust she then gave up all her hopes of the Bristol fortune and resolved to marry her protector, the Duke of Kingston. Augustus, for a payment of £16,000, took part in a fraudulent suit, whereby the court found that he and Elizabeth had never been married. He probably attended the marriage of Elizabeth to her Duke "to take a last look at my widow."

In that case he spoke too soon. He was not quite finished with Elizabeth.

★ **LIBRARY LIST**

● **ROUND ABOUT INDIA.** By John Seymour. Eyre and Spottiswoode, 18s. 255 pages. Unconventionally arriving in South India as one of the crew of an Indian sailing boat, Seymour spent a year drifting about the sub-continent, visiting the Syrian Christians, the White Jews of Cochín, the deepest gold-mine in the world, and mixing with the people free from any consciousness of caste or colour. A most engaging travel-book.

● **FLIGHT INTO SPACE.** By Jonathan Norton Leonard. Sidgwick and Jackson, 12s. 6d. 248 pages. The pros and cons of space-travel discussed in a reasonable and well-informed way.

● **GHOSTS AND POLTERGEISTS.** By Herbert Thurston, S. J. Burns Oates, 18s. 210 pages. Anybody seeking an intelligent, level-headed account of poltergeist manifestations through the centuries need not go beyond Fr. Thurston's book. It is not his purpose to convince the public of the reality of these odd happenings. But the effect of the succession of poltergeist stories is to raise doubt and speculation among the most sceptical.

● **WORLD COPYRIGHT RE-SERVED.** (London Express Service)

When the Duke of Kingston died, leaving his money to his "wife," a disinherited nephew proved to the satisfaction of the House of Lords that her second marriage had been bigamous; the penalty for which included branding.

But Elizabeth's luck held. The Earl of Bristol died. If she was not Duchess of Kingston, it followed infallibly that she was now Countess of Bristol. And a peeress could not be branded; the penalty for which included branding.

She retired to a life of debauchery on the Continent.

★ In fairness to her husband Augustus, it must be said that this deplorable union did not unduly damp his spirits or affect his zeal for his patriotic duties at sea.

He was a bold commander, a man of strong opinions and a violent partisan of Admiral Byng (who had put him in the way of £9,000 of prize money) when that unfortunate officer was tried and condemned for failing to beat the French. But, although he writes vigorously of naval matters, Hervey brings even more vivacity, enjoyment—and shamelessness—to bear on his adventures on land.

Hervey's journal is the unvarnished story of a young man with more spirit than morals; a kind of minor Casanova in a naval uniform.

★ **WELL, WHAT D'YA KNOW** A man means about to visit Britain have been warned to be on guard against four races to be met with in the country.

They were described like this: "The SCOTS, who keep the Sabbath and anything else they can lay hands on; the WELSH, who pray on their knees and on their neighbours; the IRISH, who don't know what the devil they want, but who are willing to die for it, and the ENGLISH, who consider themselves self-made men and worship their Creator."

★ **EXPORT DRIVE?** For Sale: One hundred unexploded British bombs recovered by German salvage crews on Heligoland, German island in the North Sea.

The bombs will be sold as scrap metal. But there's a catch. Buyer's will have to pay German customs duty.

★ **FIGURE FACTS** To dumpy girls who don't measure up to mannequin standards came consolation this week.

Their figures resemble the Venus of Milo more closely than do the mannequins.

The Ministry of Health has just been at work with a tape measure on five thousand women aged eighteen to seventy.

Britain's average woman, it seems, weighs 9st. 7lb., is 5ft 3in. tall; has 35.5in. bust; 26.9in. waist; 38.4in. hips.

Venus (it's not fair to weigh her in marble) is 5ft. 4in. tall; has a 37in. bust; 26in. waist; 38in. hips.

The mannequins, however, whose figures look so perfect on parade, are generally 5ft. 7in. or 5ft. 8in. tall; have busts 34-35in; waists 22-23in; hips 34-35in.

For instance, the average weight of the youngest group—18 to 20—is 9st. 1lb; hips 37.5in. With the over-forty-fives, this has expanded to: weight, 10st. 4lb; hips 40.4in.

Noteworthy is that the younger generation are taller than their mothers. Height of the young

group is 5ft. 3.1in; that of the over forty-fives, 5ft. 2.1in.

★ **NIX** Women belonging to the Druze tribe—an Arab Christian sect with secret rites—need not have their photographs affixed to their identity cards, the Israel Government has decided.

According to the tenets of the Druze faith, no woman may have her photograph taken.

★ **DUCKS ANSWERED NAMES** Twenty-four ducks who answer to their names have been presented to the Bristol Corporation. They come from the house, at the village of Winscombe, of Mrs Joyce Ricketts, wife of a Bristol businessman who is moving to Bristol.

At Winscombe, Mrs Ricketts had a lake and reared the ducks so that they became tame enough to waddle in and out of the house. On giving up her house Mrs Ricketts realised that the ducks were too tame to survive in a wild state and so offered them to the Corporation, who sent a van for them.

★ **BATTLE OF THE HAIR GRIPS** The battle of the hair grips, whether it be for the feminine head in Manchester or for the flowing locks of a bearded Sikh in India, is on with a vengeance and causing much competition between British and German manufacturers.

★ **TIDINESS** The tidiness of the world's feminine treasures was more or less in the keeping of Birmingham manufacturers, but now, though they produce nearly a million hair grips a day, comes sterner competition from Germany in the form of a cheaper product.

Shorter hair styles produced the idea, for ordinary hair pins slipped out of clipped tresses. Aiming simultaneously "a Birmingham firm and some American manufacturers brought out the hair grip, but the Midlands factory gradually gained the upper hand in the struggle for markets. With Germany coming to grips, as it were, the battle for supremacy wages long and hard, each side attempting to capture the trade with a variety of new-style grips.

★ **ROUNDABOUT ROUTE** Cape town's postal chief is a little bewildered by officialdom.

Reason: A letter, addressed to an official in room 124 of a government office building, came back to the post office. It was marked: "Not for Room 124, try Room 122."

★ **SOLD CAR FOR A PENNY** "Old Ben," they affectionately called him, in OLDHAM, when at 97 he was one of the town's most beloved characters. He had had a university education, and although he always dressed in shabby clothes, he was reputed to be wealthy.

And for 10 years or more, Benjamin Bolton's daily routine was to call at the neighbouring Ordnance Arms Inn for his night-cap of whisky and buy his fellow cronies a drink. But one night recently he was missing. They saw that the lights in his house were shining. They went on shining all night. Licensee Herbert Bottomley became worried, broke in and found "Old Ben" dead.

And at the Ordnance Arms they may be heard discussing this lovely man who, in return for a Christmas present spontaneously offered to him by a neighbour, retailed with a gift of twenty golden sovereigns. Once he sold a car for a penny to a deserving friend who could ill-afford to buy one.

★ **IT PAYS TO READ** Diamond An-druchi, of Cape town, never read the papers. For 10 years, he had earned the reputation of being a happy-go-lucky fellow, oblivious of what went on in the world.

Then, one day recently, he was cycling to work. A brick sou'-easter blew a newspaper around his head. He fell off.

On the curb he disengaged himself, and saw his name in print. The story said he was the missing heir to some property in Naples.

Diamond An-druchi always reads the papers.

★ **DOGS** American dogs are the life of the party. They are always around, and they are always barking.

★ **NEW** The new time for the return of the New Year's Eve party is now set for the night of the 31st.

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

- 1 Cavalryman (6)
- 5 Rod (5)
- 8 Skin (4)
- 9 Has confidence in (6)
- 11 Month (5)
- 12 Trial (6)
- 14 Tangle (4)
- 16 Koen (5)
- 18 Twine (5)
- 19 Unemployed (4)
- 20 Expelled (6)
- 24 Scrimmage (5)
- 25 Vehement speech (6)
- 26 Assent (4)
- 27 Burdened (5)
- 28 Plague (6)

DOWN

- 1 Injure (4)
- 2 Card game (4)
- 3 Initiated (4)
- 4 Take ill (6)
- 5 Stopped working (7)
- 6 Set in order (7)
- 7 Stumbles (7)
- 10 Fellers (5)
- 13 Kitchen implement (7)
- 14 Relations (7)
- 15 Seat (7)
- 17 Change (5)
- 19 Part of the foot (6)
- 21 Fatigue (4)
- 22 Crazy (4)
- 23 Expensive (4)

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD.—Across: 1 Vacant, 4 Smart, 7 Concur, 8 Slope, 10 Loom, 12 Rapture, 15 Level, 16 Art, 17 Sped, 18 Vaunt, 20 Tedious, 21 Tome, 23 Plush, 24 Diskarm, 25 Strow, 26 Leaded, Down: 1 Vocalist, 2 Consoled, 3 Nour, 5 Militant, 6 Report, 9 Gales, 11 Medicine, 12 Revue, 13 Untoward, 14 Esteemed, 18 Pellet, 22 Lido.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Many Happy Returns

BY HARRY WEINERT



Reason: A letter, addressed to an official in room 124 of a government office building, came back to the post office. It was marked: "Not for Room 124, try Room 122."

★ **SOLD CAR FOR A PENNY** "Old Ben," they affectionately called him, in OLDHAM, when at 97 he was one of the town's most beloved characters. He had had a university education, and although he always dressed in shabby clothes, he was reputed to be wealthy.

And for 10 years or more, Benjamin Bolton's daily routine was to call at the neighbouring Ordnance Arms Inn for his night-cap of whisky and buy his fellow cronies a drink. But one night recently he was missing. They saw that the lights in his house were shining. They went on shining all night. Licensee Herbert Bottomley became worried, broke in and found "Old Ben" dead.

And at the Ordnance Arms they may be heard discussing this lovely man who, in return for a Christmas present spontaneously offered to him by a neighbour, retailed with a gift of twenty golden sovereigns. Once he sold a car for a penny to a deserving friend who could ill-afford to buy one.

★ **IT PAYS TO READ** Diamond An-druchi, of Cape town, never read the papers. For 10 years, he had earned the reputation of being a happy-go-lucky fellow, oblivious of what went on in the world.

Then, one day recently, he was cycling to work. A brick sou'-easter blew a newspaper around his head. He fell off.

On the curb he disengaged himself, and saw his name in print. The story said he was the missing heir to some property in Naples.

Diamond An-druchi always reads the papers.

★ **DOGS** American dogs are the life of the party. They are always around, and they are always barking.

★ **NEW** The new time for the return of the New Year's Eve party is now set for the night of the 31st.

RRIES

Ap Hong. Tel: 20527
Kowloon. Tel: 39573

THE CHINA MAIL'S WEEKEND LOCAL SPORTS PARADE

LEAGUE CRICKET AVERAGES

BATTING

(Qualification — 200 runs)

	Inns	N.O.	H.S.	Runs	Aver.
G. A. Souza (CCC)	15	3	111*	737	61.4
A. R. Kitchell (IRC)	15	5	63	381	42.3
T. A. Pearce (Scorpions)	9	2	70	200	42.1
H. Farmer-Wright (Army)	11	4	67*	284	40.6
R. W. Franklin (Optimists)	8	1	95*	217	31
W. C. Kettlewell (RAF)	13	0	69	302	30.2
T. G. C. Knight (Scorpions)	10	3	53*	208	29.7
P. V. Dodge (KCC)	14	1	88	272	29.2
Hughes (RAF)	10	1	80	265	28
A. T. Lee (KCC)	13	3	67*	270	27.9
F. A. Weller (Scorpions)	10	1	50	250	27.8
G. N. Gosano (Rovers)	10	2	87*	220	27.5
G. H. Pritchard (Optimists)	12	0	79	320	27.4
Cpl. West (RAF)	19	1	72*	379	27.1
Capt. De Cruz (Army)	12	3	90*	243	27
B. Dhabher (CCC)	14	2	61*	314	26.2
L. G. Gosano (Rovers)	11	1	70*	256	25.6
G. T. Rowe (Optimists)	14	1	62*	273	24.8
L. Kitchell (Optimists)	14	1	64*	316	24.3
L. Stanton (Scorpions)	14	2	91	287	23.9
Surg. Comm. Pearson (Navy)	10	1	58*	215	23.9
P. Wood (KCC)	14	1	54*	307	23.6
S. E. M. Bux (IRC)	14	0	43	301	21.5
R. Macpherson (Optimists)	12	0	59	283	21.1
J. C. Koh (IRC)	14	0	73	286	20.4
Lt. Sadler (Navy)	12	1	78*	223	20.3
A. E. Noronha (Rovers)	14	1	40	238	18.3
LAC Hensley (RAF)	17	0	38	309	18.1
K. Y. Tam (CCC)	17	0	35	262	16.8
LAC Armstrong (RAF)	14	2	75	235	13.8
H. Madar (CCC)	17	0	35	235	13.8

BOWLING

(Qualification — 20 wickets)

	O.	M.	R.	W.	Aver.
Cpl. Dowling (Army)	111.5	22	303	52	7.9
Brice (Navy)	64.5	10	201	24	8.4
K. G. Spink (Optimists)	119.5	24	410	44	9.3
Lt. Sig. Sims (Navy)	52.1	11	210	22	9.5
G. N. Gosano (Rovers)	113.2	11	400	43	10.7
D. W. Leitch (Scorpions)	58	10	224	20	11.2
T. G. C. Knight (Scorpions)	92.5	19	316	25	12.6
Lt. Alexander (Army)	115.4	20	411	31	13.2
T. Mahon (Optimists)	138.2	34	459	34	13.5
Fl. Lt. Stappard (RAF)	127.0	13	481	34	14.1
P. J. Bullmore (CCC)	112.4	16	381	21	14.6
L. Stanton (Scorpions)	93.4	6	485	20	16.7
Fl. Sgt. Horsham (RAF)	111.5	4	678	33	17.5
B. Carnell (KCC)	90.1	5	392	21	18.7
G. H. Pritchard (Optimists)	98	9	427	21	20.3
J. C. Koh (IRC)	108	13	550	26	21.4
S. M. Teh (HKU)	118.1	11	557	26	21.4

Pentangular Tournament Matches At Kai Tak This Afternoon

By "PAK LO"

This afternoon the two main games are at Kai Tak, with the first being between the Army and the Police at 3.00 p.m. followed by the Club versus the RAF at 4.15 p.m. This should provide two very good games with perhaps a surprise for most of the spectators in the second one.

In the first game, when the Army meet the Police, there is little doubt that the Army should, on last week's form, win comfortably, but it must be remembered that most of the Army have spent the larger part of the week in the New Territories undergoing manoeuvres and will consequently be somewhat tired.

There have been two changes in the Army team with Bowring and Downe joining the forwards. Downe is replacing Eve who was slightly injured, and the selectors have therefore decided to rest him for this week.

Downe, while not in the same class as Eve, has been playing very well of late in the inter-unit games, and is the best substitute available. This will slightly weaken the forward line, and it is of course in this aspect that the Police are best.

It would come as no surprise if the Police see most of the ball in the set scrums, but their backs will have to pull up their socks if they are to have any chance of winning.

The Army have retained their three line of last week and once they get a chance will be hard for the Police to stop. This is definitely harder opposition for the Police than last week but with their good pack and their terrific spirit they should be able to keep the Army down, to a respectable score. If the Police backs will only tackle hard and watch their passing they could win, but there is not much hope of that happening.

TACTIC ADMISSION

In the second game there are quite a few changes in both teams. The Club have at last tacitly admitted that they cannot win the Pentangular and are at last attempting to find a good team for next season. As a result the three line has been switched around and two new players are brought in.

Roberts has gone to full back, rather a surprising move after this excellent show he put up last week at half behind Craig. Lambert has been put in the front row where he will be of more use, and Kilgus returns to the forward line.

This gives the team a fairly strong pack but a weak three

HOW THEY STAND

	P.	W.	L.	F.	A.	Pts.
Navy	7	0	1	115	30	12
Army	6	5	1	68	11	10
Club	6	3	3	42	11	10
RAF	6	1	5	31	61	2
Police	7	1	5	17	103	2

On the other side of the Harbour there will be a game between the 7th Royal Tank and the Club "B" on the Race Course Ground at 2.30 p.m. This should prove quite interesting as both teams are fairly evenly matched.

Club "B" are still weak in the backs but look happier in the forwards where they should be best. If anything I think that the Tanks may have the slight edge for this game and if the tip to Kai Tak is too far I would recommend watching this game.

SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

Influences Which Stretch Far Beyond The Touchlines Of Local Football Fields

By I. M. MacTAVISH

The fact that it appears Hongkong will not after all be sending a soccer side to take part in the forthcoming Asian Games in Manila is being received with mixed feelings in different sections of the community.

There is, of course, a natural sense of regret that we shall not be represented in this important football competition, but there can be no doubt that our absence has prevented... or maybe only delayed... a major crisis in our soccer affairs.

I discussed the situation with a Chinese sportsman the other day and he was very frank in saying that in the present circumstances he felt that the organisational difficulties which have resulted in our exclusion have also prevented a major showdown in our camp.

MADE NO BONES

He made no bones about the fact that we are faced with outside influences and very divided loyalties, and he had no doubt that if the matter had progressed according to plan pressure would have been brought to bear on many of the Chinese players to refuse any invitation to represent the Colony.

At the same time he was just as frank in saying that if the players had freedom of decision many of them would have no second thoughts about it and would be honoured to represent Hongkong. The lack of response by the Chinese clubs to the circular on this matter leaves no one in any doubt about their views.

The other day I went out of my way to contact one of the leading Chinese players who would almost certainly have been considered for any team selected to represent the Colony.

I put the matter to him quite bluntly and, after asking for an assurance that both my interpreter and I would honour his confidence by not giving his name, he gave us a most pertinent reply.

He said, "If I was picked to represent the Colony in the Asian Games I would feel honoured, but that does not mean that I would actually play. This is not an ordinary competition and there would have to be approval of my selection in other circles before I could turn out. But I will tell you this... If I could not play as a representative of Hongkong I will not play against Hongkong, but now that the Colony is not going to play at Manila the trouble will not arise and I can tell you that I and many other Chinese players are glad that we have been spared all the unpleasantness that would certainly have arisen."

I do not believe that I could have obtained a better summary of the situation than I did from this player. The facts of the case show that even these Chinese players who would be pleased to represent the Colony in which they play their football, and in which many of them are living, would not be free to accept such an invitation because of influences which stretch far beyond the touchlines of the football field. Such is football democracy.

PLEASING FEATURE

The most pleasant feature of the past week was the delightful exhibition of bewildering combination served up by the Hongkong Chinese forwards in their Memorial Cup match against the Combined Services. Some of the play was a sheer delight to the student of the game... if he was prepared to overlook the essential fact that all this brilliant exhibition of the skills of the game is supposed to lead up to goals.

The difference in standard between the two teams, as far as mastery of the ball was concerned, was as the poles to the equator, and yet at the end there was only one goal between them.

I am a confessed and ardent admirer of the game as played by the Chinese boys but in competitive football one would like to see them turn their cleverness into goals.

King Lok-sang is a grand footballer but I believe that if he had swapped places with the Chinese side would have won by a very much bigger score. I say that in spite of the fact that I consider King a very much better ball player than the soldier, but the Kitchee man lacks the 'devil' or 'goat instinct' for which the ultra brilliant Chinese line is crying out.

WEEK-END GAMES

The back log of fixtures which was built up at the start of the season due to lack of suitable grounds is now a problem and the incoming week will see the start of all-out efforts to get these, outstanding games played off.

The full programme is as follows:

Today
First Division

CAA v. Club at Navy ground, 4 p.m.

Navy v. South China at Club ground, 4 p.m.

St. Joseph's v. Army at Sookunpo, 4 p.m.

Kitchee v. Kwong Wah at Caroline Hill, 4 p.m.

Tomorrow

First Division

Eastern v. RAF at Club ground, 4 p.m.

KMB v. Police at Caroline Hill, 4 p.m.

Tuesday

First Division

South China v. Eastern at Caroline Hill, 4.15 p.m.

Wednesday

Senior Shield Semi-final

KMB v. Kwong Wah at Club ground, 3.45 p.m.

Junior Shield Semi-final

Army v. South China at Club ground, 2 p.m.

Thursday

First Division

Police v. CAA at Boundary Street, 4.15 p.m.

Friday

First Division

Army v. Sing Tao at Club ground, 4.15 p.m.

After their fine display against the Army last week-end pride of place this week must go to the salient meeting with South China at the Club Stadium this afternoon.

Once again it is difficult to know what sort of a side the Navy will turn out, but if they can keep together the team that forced a draw with the League leaders, and if they can again display the same enthusiasm they may make plenty of trouble for the Champions.

CAN'T AFFORD A SLIP

South China must have been very happy about the high standard their selected representatives attained in the Memorial Cup match and if they can repeat that form today this should be a grand game. South China cannot afford to slip up again if they are to keep in the championship race and they will start favourites to win.

In the other games today Club should prove too strong for luckless CAA, Kitchee should not be unduly troubled in the posing of Kwong Wah, while the Army will no doubt make strenuous efforts to get back on to the winning trial when they play St. Joseph's.

Both games tomorrow promise interesting football fare, but while KMB will be strong favourites to beat Police, Eastern will not have things all their own way in their game with the RAF. The almanac have played some very good soccer recently and I would not be surprised to see them get at least a division of the spoils on this occasion.

SHIELD SEMI-FINALS

Next Wednesday sees two semi-final ties in the Senior and Junior Challenge Shields and remembering the last meeting of Army and South China in the 2nd Division their clash on this occasion may well turn out to be a better game than the Senior encounter between KMB and Kwong Wah.

The Busesmen would be well advised not to underestimate their opponents who have recently surprised several teams, including South China.

However, KMB are a strong combination both in attack and in defence and there is little doubt that they will start firm favourites to move on to the final.

The Junior game may require extra time before the issue is settled. On the last occasion the teams met the Soldiers had all the play but the Caroline Hill boys got the goals that mattered, and the time they may just have enough forward punch to pull them through.

THIS WEEK'S TALKING POINTS:

Are our lineamen being too lenient with goalkeepers who advance beyond the 18 yards line in possession of the ball? This point was brought to my notice and in the two Memorial Cup games I watched it with special interest. I considered that Wai Fat-kin twice, Taylor once, and Granger thrice infringed the rule. Watch it next time you see a game.

SPORTING SAM

By Red Wodetson



CAA WILL MAKE AN ALL-OUT EFFORT TO BEAT THE WARRIORS TOMORROW

Frank Poon's Chinese Athletic Association ballplayers, realising the importance of each of the remaining League games ahead, will make an all-out effort to beat Alfredo Oliveira's Warriors in the main Senior "A" softball tussle at King's Park tomorrow at 3.30 p.m. A CAA victory will primarily come from steadier infield play and solid outfield support.

The Chinese softballers, who sustained two setbacks earlier in the season, going down to the Saints and the Braves, have by now completely recovered from these reversals and are currently tied with Jindoo Hussain's Saints on points.

Since their two brilliant victories over Jackie Wei's Pandas, the CAA have continued to show improvement and their best win of the League was a 3-2 stunning upset victory over Bill Williams' USS Orca.

Many softball fans were disappointed last Sunday when the eagerly-awaited clash between the Saints and the CAA was cancelled owing to the bad weather. With the Saints and the Braves marking time this week-end, the CAA will be given the best chance of consolidating their position with a comfortable win over the unpredictable Warriors outfit.

Cocher Frank Poon is expected to start pitcher P.C. Wong and catcher Lam Leung-ping. The Warriors' battery is likely to be pitcher Google Marques and catcher Cucus Souza.

BEST HOPES

Although placed sixth behind the US Navy in the latest standings, and out of the Championship running this season, the Warriors still have four of their batters in the Batting Championship race.

They are moundman Google Marques, shortstop Johnny Pereira, catcher Cucus Souza and third baseman Peter Hahn. The Warriors' best hopes will come from the bats of the quartette who will not hesitate to hit pitcher P.C. Wong in their struggle for batting supremacy.

For the Chinese Athletic Association first baseman C.M. Tsang will resume his bid for batting honours tomorrow. The Batting Honours (tomorrow) high quality of Tsang's batting in the many CAA games has indicated that he is in excellent batting form. Although some circles favour Braves' right fielder Bui Dhanher or first baseman Calau Yvanovich to win the Batting Title, Tsang stands a reasonably good chance of annexing the title for the first time.

Other successful CAA batters are pitcher P. C. Wong and third baseman Seldon Ma. On the basis of their sparkling batting form, the manager and coach of the CAA can view this game against the Warriors with confidence.

I feel that the Warriors have reached a point where their future is hard to forecast. They ran roughshod over the Rexes and South China with comparative ease but in turn were toppled by the Saints, Braves, Pandas and the U.S. Navy. At the same time, it would put in a strong word for catcher Cucus Souza for his outstanding performances for the Warriors in victory or in defeat, and it seems to me that Souza will have a strong claim for this year's Most Valuable Player award.

GROWING DISCONTENT

The Rexes, last season's Senior "B" Champions, now

face the choice of either going through the season's League fixtures or pulling out from the League entirely. There can be no denying that the Rexes are experiencing a bad time and in their last appearance against the Braves, they had to secure the services of a Junior League Comets player to make up the team.

The whole business is a direct result of the growing discontent among the players who might have figured that they could 'go something' in the Senior "A" League. The events connected with the Rexes show that they have won only one game to date.

Some time ago, the Rexes conceded a walkover to Jackie Wei's Pandas to the disappointment of the ex-Shanghai ballplayers who turned out in full force that day. On Sunday, the Rexes met the Pandas again in the second round contest and it is hoped that the Rexes display some sort of sporting spirit by either informing the Management Committee that they are not in a position to appear, or appear in full force for the Sunday game. This will save much time and labour on the part of officials, managers, players and the many followers of the game.

The Pandas-Rexes game is scheduled for 2 p.m. on Sunday and it will serve as a practice session for pitcher Jackie Wei and his colleagues. Among the Pandas batters who will greet this game with enthusiasm are second baseman Willie Woo and left-fielder Allen Cheng, who have an eye on improving their batting averages.

The Rexes have not much to offer in teamwork and team spirit and although some circles believe that they played an exceptionally good brand of ball against the Braves a fortnight ago, experienced observers attributed this to the very poor show by the champion Braves.

POSTPONED GAMES

The writer urges the need for the fullest co-operation from managers of the teams who have now figured in the Play-off Series.

Much could be achieved if the Warriors, Pandas and the Collects make some efforts to fulfil the week-end fixtures instead of requesting postponements. Last week, the first round Play-off Series, between the Warriors "A" and the Pandas was called off at the request of the Pandas, whose four star performers, pitcher May Wu, outfielder Sally Lee, Amy Lee and Lucy Lee were unable to make the game.

The Management Committee cannot be indifferent to the frequent postponements and should make serious efforts to prevent such a situation in future. I cannot see how the League is going to conclude before May.

While the Collects have made considerable efforts to improve

in their regular practice sessions at King's Park under the capable coaching of Eddie Marques, the Warriors "A" have been taking things too easily, and have not been seen in action for some time.

Under the strongest pressure, the Owls are always at their best, however, and in pitcher Terry Noronha, and catcher Nana Carvalho they have a most reliable battery.

The weakness of the Owls lies in between first and second bases and unless Doreen Ozorio and Bernadette Remedios come up with a better display, the Collects will not hesitate to capitalise on this infield vulnerability.

Manager Fred Edwin and coach Eddie Marques of the Collects are faced with a dilemma. Their predicament arises from the fact that several of their star players are off the injured list, they are still hoping that pitcher Shella Bernal-Silva may recover in time for the game.

Catcher Aldo Oliveira is positively out of this game, and with Bunny Remedios having a sore arm, it will be difficult to assign him to the plate. It is to be expected that coach Noronha will take a chance on Sunday by putting one of the outsiders in to replace Aldo Oliveira.

In the Junior League Play-off Series, Virgil Hester, Wahoes "B" face the Saints. China lasses and this develops into a tight race, which will depend on the form of pitcher Evelyn Adams, who should be given good support from the infielders. A win for the Wahoes "B" is most likely.

TODAY'S GAMES

Bob Suman's Americans, last season's champions, are out to capture the "Golden Cup" Pennant for the first time, but in order to accomplish this objective they will have to beat Fred Dietz's P.I. Dodgers twice and the University.

When the Americans and the Dodgers meet today in the feature game there can be no doubt that Suman will field all his best players available although it is said that Jack Bordwell might not be able to show up for this crucial game.

It is my opinion that the Americans are capable of scoring three straight victories to earn them a right to meet Jimmy Herlick's Pandas and probably Bill Silver's Delavans in the Play-off Series. A loss will put them out of the number one Championship. The Americans will have to bank on the pitching performance of Daniel Remedios, manager of the Mounties, this afternoon.

Three Junior League games are also being played this afternoon's Play-off Series with the Mounties-Pandas game taking the spotlight. This game should develop into a pitching duel with the Mounties' pitcher, who is the star of the team, facing the Pandas' pitcher, who is the star of the team.

The Mounties will have strong reserves in the Chinese Athletic Association, who are second season and should win a comfortable victory over the Pandas.

Drinking has been a problem in the past and the Mounties are now trying to overcome this problem. The Mounties are now trying to overcome this problem.

POP



LEAGUE CRICKET

ARMY NEED JUST ONE MORE VICTORY TO MAKE SURE OF THE CHAMPIONSHIP

By "THE ZOMBIE"

As a result of their brilliant victory over the Scorpions last weekend, Army now need only one more win out of their four remaining matches to make sure of the Senior Division Cricket League title and complete a "double" for the season.

Although the Optimists, whose guests they will be at Chater Road this afternoon, and the Scorpions may offer them strong resistance in their outstanding matches, their two fixtures against Kowloon Cricket Club will undoubtedly give them at least the four needed points.

However, the soldiers can choose no better venue than the local "leagues" for their deciding victory and a more fitting climax than a hard-earned win over their present nearest rivals, the Optimists.

With this added significance, the game between the Optimists and the Army this afternoon will be the top attraction. It will be an extremely interesting match which will see the soldiers' bowling strength pitted against the Optimists' scoring prowess.

The issue will depend mainly on the Optimists' ability to withstand the formidable array of attacking weapons that the Army is lining up this afternoon in Bailey, Alexander, Weir, Fackenheim-Walsh, and Withall and perhaps what is probably the more important factor—either Mahon or Spink striking a good patch with the ball.

Should Army succeed in annexing the title this afternoon, it will mark their second

double success since the inception of the League, their previous one being in the 1950-51 season.

Five other clubs have also achieved this feat—Kowloon Cricket Club, Civil Service Cricket Club, Hongkong University, Hongkong Cricket Club, and the Indian Recreation Club. The last named Club had also the distinction of winning the double two seasons running in 1930-31 and 1931-32.

It will be a fitting reward to a grand fighting team whose path to success has been marked by fine team work and combination. There have been some very conspicuous individual performers in the team, notably Dowling and Alexander, and lately Weir.

However, it is the ability of every one of their eleven batsmen to come off at the appropriate time that has brought them many a close victory this season.

Great credit must also be extended to their skipper, Major Bailey, who ably led the team not only by his sound judgment but also by saving the side with a captain's performance with the bat or ball at critical periods of many matches.

Readers may be interested in the following comparative figures of the Army and the Scorpion Xis.

	Army	Scorpions
Batting	14	14
No. of Innings	12	22
Highest team score	112	224
Total No. of runs	1,304	2,121
No. of wickets lost	88	94
Average runs per wicket	14.8	22.5
Bowling	340.7	409.5
No. of Overs	54	43
Maiden Overs	14	13
No. of runs given	1,174	1,835
No. of wickets taken	122	139
Average runs per wicket	9.6	13.2

It is too bad that complete records of the Second Division games are not available but it is believed that the figures for the Army Second XI probably constitute a record in local League games.

TODAY'S GAMES

First Division

Optimists v. Army.
CCC v. Scorpions.
IAF v. University.
Recreio v. Navy.
KCC v. IRC.

Second Division

Navy v. DBS.
University v. KCC.
Recreio v. IRC.

TOMORROW

Second Division

Dockyard v. KGV School.
Army v. Police.

ALEC BEDSER'S COLUMN

"What I Feel About Negative Bowling"

Negative bowling tactics employed by both sides during the recent Test match between the West Indies and England led to many protests by the critics. Apparently both teams at various stages resorted to the now common usage of the defensive attack by bowling outside the leg stump to a packed leg field.

I believe this theory was first introduced as a means to upset the concentration of a well-set batsman. The idea was to prevent him scoring for a few overs or hope for a desperate or imprudent stroke. If unsettled the batsman was also liable to get out when the normal style of attack was resumed. This was fair enough.

But now teams playing for time or facing defeat find it advantageous to "shut up" their opponents' scoring rate by bowling well down the leg side supported by as many as six or seven fielders on that side. When this form of attack is used it is extraordinary difficult to score without the batsman taking a grave risk.

Denis Compton, in his prime, might have had the answer with his famous sweep stroke. Others like Everton Weekes (West Indies) and Peter May (England) have tried to defeat the method by taking guard six inches outside the leg stump and thrashing the ball through the gaps on the off side. On paper this would appear to be the obvious solution but if the ball is swinging in the direction of leg it is not so easy.

I am not proposing to enter into the rights or wrongs of the case at this stage but I am wondering what might happen if the theory was allowed to develop. For one thing it is boring to watch. Ball after ball thuds out of the batsman's reach through to the wicket-keeper standing back. An over takes much longer to complete. Runs become scarce, and the game becomes a war of attrition with each side waiting to see who is going to make the first mistake.

THE ANSWER

What is the answer? It is not easy to legislate in such matters for shrewd cricket brains soon get to work to find a way around every problem created by laws. Perhaps a law could be framed to prevent too many fielders on the leg side. The effect would make leg theory an unprofitable venture. But again it could be hard on the poor old bowler—already the game's labourer—and prejudice him in the course of his legitimate business, such as an

off-spinner taking advantage of a turning wicket. Should the international captains of the world come to an understanding not to bowl leg theory? Or is it time that is wanted why not return to timeless Tests? I am sure the latter course would not be welcomed by those who have the interests of the game close at heart. In 1938 at the Oval when England beat Australia in a timeless Test the outlook of the players at the time was "never again."

I think a lot of the trouble springs from one basic fact—generally speaking wickets are too good. So often do they weigh heavily in favour of the batsman and against the bowler.

I have many times had the disheartening experience of having beaten a batsman with a forward stroke only to see him change his mind and safely play me with a back stroke! I have managed to find the edge of the bat only to discover the turf was too slow for the ball to carry to the slips.

At Kingston, Jamaica, on the two opening days the pitch shone as if polished, and the batsman's reflection could be seen as he stood at the crease. Add a fast outfield and what chance has the bowler? Precious little, I aver.

Moreover, this pitch, like so many others in the world today,

was fully protected by covers overnight. At the end of each day's play it was covered up with tarpaulins so as not to be exposed to one drop of rain. Would it be so dreadful if it was soaked and the ball played tricks for a change.

TWO ARGUMENTS

The two main arguments for covering wickets are:

1. It prevents stoppages and blank days;

2. The character of the wicket is not changed by climatic influences and remains true throughout.

A "sticky dog" is one of the charms of cricket. But I do admit they differ considerably throughout the world. In England "stickies" are playable and can bring out the best skill of batsmen, while in Australia they are well-nigh unplayable.

The Kemington Oval pitch, to my mind, now approaches the ideal for a one time or another during a normal match it affords all types of bowlers a fair crack of the whip. There might be a "green top" to start off the game while later the spinners get their chance.

I always maintain the best cricket is played on fast pitches which give the bowler a chance and the batsman every opportunity to make strokes. Let's have more of them!

SIR GORDON IN SWITZERLAND



Sir Gordon Richards, champion English jockey, and a keen curling enthusiast in Switzerland during the close season, makes a shot at St Moritz, watched by fellow jockey Douglas Smith.—Express Photo.

MY BEST GOLF SHOT
NO. 5 IRON HELPED COX TO RYDER CUP RECOVERY

By JAMES GOODFELLOW

The golf shot which turned a Ryder Cup game when he sensed he was getting on top is described by selector Bill Cox, Fulwell professional:

"After the first round in the Ryder Cup contest at Ridgewood, New Jersey, in 1935, I was five holes down to Horton Smith, one of the top money winners in the United States.

"Losing the 19th hole, I became six down with 17 to play. From this point, however, a dramatic change came over the game, and I captured three of the next four holes.

HIS GREAT CHANCE

"This was the tonic I needed. As I stood on the 24th tee I thought: 'If I can finish near the flag and get a two, then Horton Smith may go ragged. It is my great chance.'

"I hit a perfect No. 5 shot (I still have the club). The ball ruled the pin all the way of the 180 yards. It pitched and stopped dead 2ft. from the stick.

IT WAS DIFFICULT

"Now I felt I was on top. It was difficult for Horton Smith to follow with a similar stroke. He pushed his tee shot to the right, was bunkered, and lost the hole.

"And as I expected, the play of my opponent did become ragged. His lead slipped away from him. I won the next three holes to one up at the 27th. The match finished all square." —London Express Service.

TRINIDAD SEEKS TO ABOLISH CRICKET

By TREVOR FORBES

There will be no cricket on Trinidad's Test wicket in a few years' time — if a group of scientists have their way.

But don't worry: they are no sports-people out to interfere with future West Indian Test matches. Far from it, they want to make these matches all the better.

The cricket they plan to banish is that destructive inch-long parasite known as the "mole cricket."

Until now this mischievous "gato crusher" has made use of a turf wicket impossible, owing to his habit of burrowing into the ground and breaking up its surface.

As a result, mallet wickets have had to be laid bringing a somewhat artificial effect upon the game. Better a match on a mallet wicket than no match at all—but better still if a natural turf wicket can be used.

NOT FAR DISTANT

And that day may not be far distant. The "mole cricket" may prove as vulnerable to a petroleum — chemical insecticide as have grasshoppers in Canada and locusts in Iraq.

The preparation is now being tested out in a Trinidad cricket ground. It is applied to the surface soil before seeding and

it is hoped that it will not only kill any "mole crickets" already there but will make the ground immune from them for anything up to twelve months.

In view of the remarkable results achieved by this insecticide against other parasites, hopes are high that it will succeed against the "mole cricket."

If so, visiting batsmen beware! For on a surface more responsive to his wily deliveries, Sonny Ramadhin—the "Trinidad Terror"—can prove an even greater menace.

Anyway, that should make the local calypso singers happy. —(London Express Service).

NOTICE

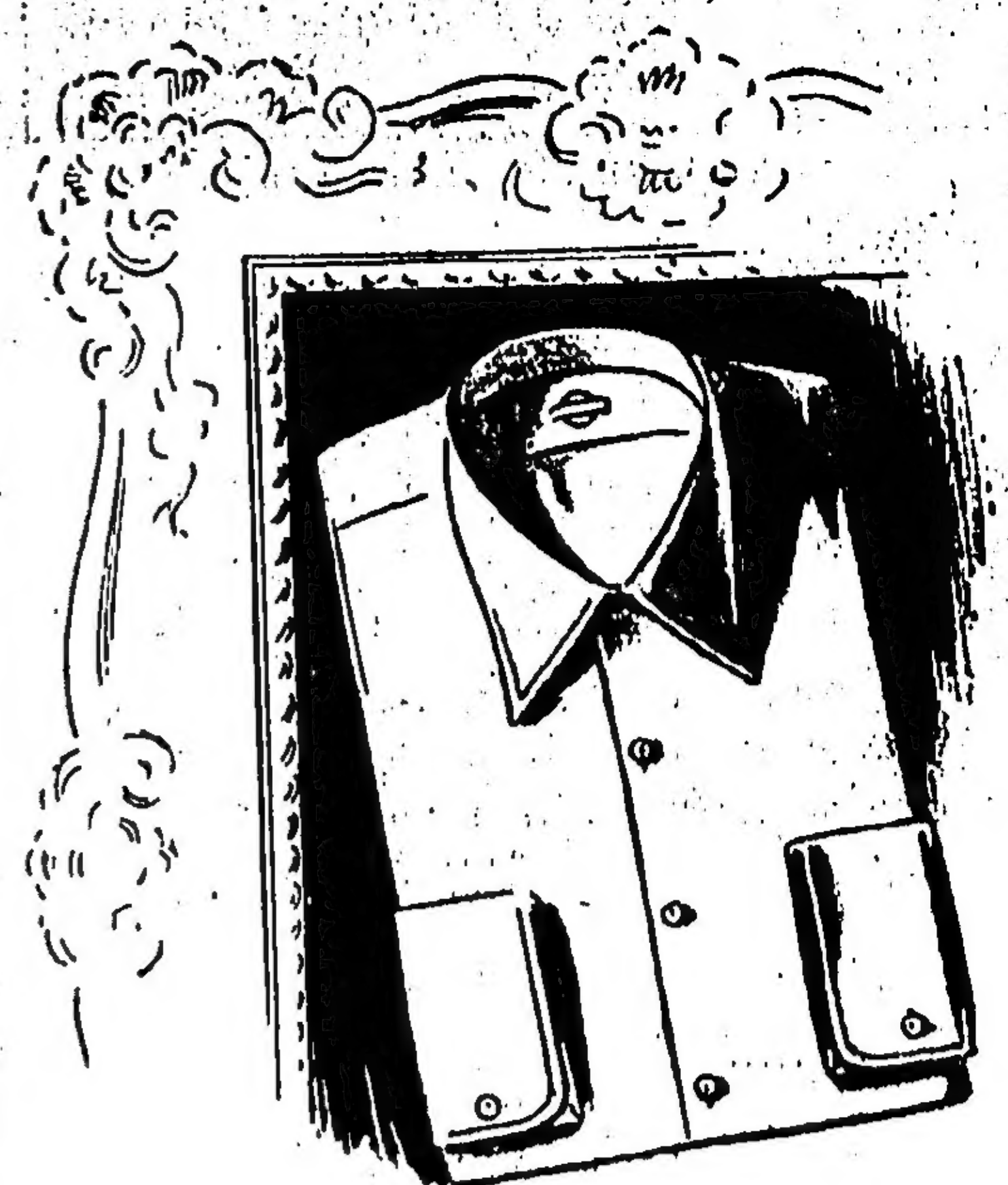
THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

The Club's property at Happy Valley is being lent to the Hong Kong Kennel Club for a Dog Show on Saturday 20th and Sunday 21st February, 1954. The premises will close to Members at 12 Noon on Saturday and 10 a.m. on Sunday. The Badminton Courts will be closed all day Friday 19th, Saturday 20th and Sunday 21st February.

During the Show the Private Boxes, Coffee Room, Bar, Ladies' Lounge and the upper verandah will be open and reserved for the use of members of the Jockey Club who attend the Show (admission \$3.00 adults and \$1.00 for Service personnel in uniform and children under 16, payable at the Public Gate).

Members of the Jockey Club attending the Show and who wish to make use of the Club Rooms and upper verandah must wear their Member's Badges, otherwise they will not be admitted thereto.

By Order,
H. MIRA,
Secretary.
February 19th, 1954.



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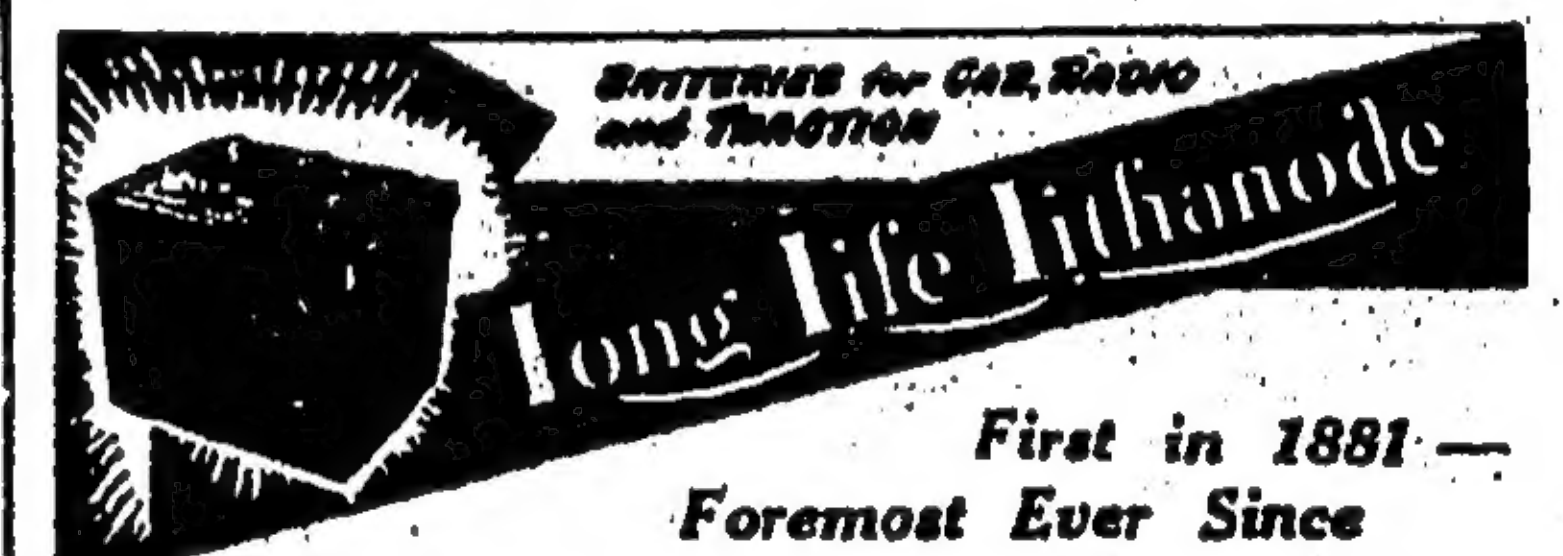
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THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB
EIGHTH RACE MEETING

Saturday 27th February & Saturday 6th March, 1954.
(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 18 RACES

The First Race will be run at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2 p.m. each day.

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m. each day.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED. All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable through the Secretary on the written or personal introduction of a Member, such member to be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Timings will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS & REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employer's boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths in the Members' Betting Hall.

CASH SWEEPS

The cost of a Through Ticket is \$36.00. Through Tickets reserved for this meeting but not paid for by 10 a.m. on Friday, 26th February, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future meetings.

Cash Sweep Tickets on the last race of the 2nd Day (6th March) at \$2.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), 5, D'Aguilar Street and 382 Nathan Road, during normal office hours and until 11 a.m. on that day.

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Hong Kong Derby scheduled to be run on 8th May, 1954, are now available. The cost of each ticket is \$2.00.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER. NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENT WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tipsters, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order

THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS

by Barry Appleby



PACKED FULL OF GOOD POINTS



Surf

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"SHENGKING"	Keelung	5 p.m. 24th Feb.
* Sails from Custodian Wharf		
ARRIVALS FROM		
"FAKHU"	Shanghai	1 p.m. 21st Feb.
"SHENGKING"	Keelung	7 a.m. 22nd Feb.

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SAILINGS TO		
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ARRIVALS FROM		
"TAIYUAN"	Kobe	22nd Feb.

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Scheduled sailings to Europe via Aden & Port Said

Sails		
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"AGAPENOR"	Genoa, Rotterdam, Amsterdam, London & Hamburg	23rd Feb. 24th Feb.
"FELEUS"	Marseilles, Liverpool & Glasgow	5th Mar. 6th Mar.
"AUTOMEDON"	Liverpool & Glasgow	13th Mar. 14th Mar.
"ATREUS"	Liverpool & Dublin	23rd Mar. 24th Mar.

Scheduled sailings from Europe

Sails		
"AUTOMEDON"	Liverpool	23rd Feb.
"ATREUS"	do	26th Feb.
"BELLEROPHON"	do	10th Mar.
"PATROCLUS"	do	15th Mar.
"ALCINOUS"	18th Feb.	25th Mar.
"ANTIOCHUS"	24th Feb.	2nd Apr.
"CYCLOPS"	3rd Mar.	7th Apr.
"PERSEUS"	7th Mar.	13th Apr.

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"MUNCASTER CASTLE"	Sailed	5th Mar.
"TELEACHUS"	do	18th Mar.
"DONA NATI"	do	3rd Apr.
"MANGALORE"	25th Feb.	19th Mar.
"AJAX"	11th Mar.	2nd Apr.

SAILINGS for NEW YORK, via SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES, CRISTOBAL and JAPAN

Sails		
"DONA ALICIA"	4th Mar.	5th Mar.
"BATAAN"	19th Mar.	20th Mar.
"MUNCASTER CASTLE"	4th Apr.	5th Apr.

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HK/India/Singapore	(DC-4)	10.00 a.m. Thursday
HK/Bangkok/Singapore	(DC-4)	7.00 a.m. Friday
HK/Bangkok/Singapore/Calcutta	(DC-4)	12.00 noon Friday

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Arrives Feb. 22 from Japan.
Sails Feb. 23 for Singapore, Madras, Colombo, Bombay, Karachi, Khorramshahr, Basrah & Bahrain.

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Arrives Mar. 2 from Singapore.
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the BOYS and GIRLS PAGE

FIND THE PIRATES' HOARD



It is buried on the island

by JOHN BODLE

THE Detection Squad goes on the trail again today — this time for pirates' treasure.

It is buried on a coral island in the South Seas, an exciting island because it has a lagoon, dangerous coral reefs, a volcano, quicksands, swamps, AND cannibals.

You can see all these handicaps to finding the treasure on the map of the island (left).

There is another handicap. Study the map carefully — do you notice anything?

Faked Map

The map is a fake. X is supposed to mark the spot where the treasure is buried. But, in fact it cannot be buried there.

You see, our imaginary pirates wanted to make sure that no one else could discover from the map where their treasure was hidden.

They marked the map with that misleading X and with five other letters A, B, C, D, and E.

Only they knew which letter really marked the treasure spot. Only they — and YOU! For you can find out too. Now imagine you are in a boat approaching the island. You have to land and, with the map, find the treasure.

First, you must find out why it is NOT buried at X. Then you must rule out, one by one, the other spots until you find the real hiding place.

Go to it, and when you think you have found the answer check with the solution on Page 22.

UP-TO-DATE QUIZ ON TRIP TO THE MOON

NO one knows exactly when and how we will go to the moon, but experts have solved many of the problems. They know that the following statements about your trip to the moon are either right or wrong. Cover up the answers and test yourself to see if your ideas are up-to-date.

1. A rocket which will leave the earth and never come back will be the beginning of a space station.

2. A space station will travel around the earth forever at a speed of five miles per second. Nos. 1 and 2 are both true. If a rocket is sent out from the earth fast enough and far enough it will FALL AROUND THE

3. At the space station, men and supplies will have practically no weight. True. There will be very little gravity on the space station because of its small size. It will have only a gentle pull compared with that of the earth.

There will be no up and no down.

4. The best distance for a space station is 1,075 miles from the earth.

True. Farther out from the earth the space station would revolve more slowly around the earth but it would be more difficult to take supplies this extra distance.

5. Space suits will have shoes with magnetic soles so that the wearer will stick to the surface of the ship or space station.

True. Men and objects which are not fastened down will float around in space. Water will be carried in plastic bottles and squeezed out or sucked out with a straw. Solid food will be pre-cut. If one tried to pour milk from a pitcher it would float away.

6. There is no sound in space so space suits will be equipped with some kind of a walkie-talkie.

Sound will not travel in a vacuum. Two-way radios will be used for exchange of conversation.

7. It will be intensely cold at the space station.

Space is many times colder than any place on earth. The sun's rays produce heat only when they are in contact with matter. When the space men are in the direct rays of the sun, they will be very hot on the side toward the sun and very cold on the other side. His space suit will probably have some kind of temperature control which will keep air moving around the wearer's body to protect him from these extremes.

8. The spaceships which will go to the moon will take off from the space station and not from the earth.

Spaceships will not only leave from the space stations, they will be built there. They will not be streamlined and will be built for travel where there is no air. Rockets with wings will taxi supplies and people to and from the earth.

9. The space station will appear to be on the earth as a very bright star.

Although the space station will be much smaller than stars, it will appear very bright because it will be so very much nearer to the earth. It will shine by reflected light, just as our big moon does, but it will be much brighter because of its nearness.

10. The moon rocket will not be streamlined but will probably be a round ball with spiderlike legs.

Since the moonship will not travel through air, it will not need wings, or streamlining. Some kind of legs will probably be used to ease the landing on the moon's hard, rocky surface.

A Squirrel Who Lived on Oaks

—Mr. Punch Says He Ate Them in His Room—

By MAX TRELL

"I KNEW a squirrel once," said Mr. Punch to Knarf and Handi, the shadow-children with the turned-about names, "who used to live on oak trees."

"Oh," interrupted Handi, "that's wrong, Mr. Punch."

"Wrong?" said Mr. Punch in surprise.

"Yes," said Handi. "Squirrels don't live on oak trees. They live in oak trees."

This Particular Squirrel

Mr. Punch shook his head and smiled. "The squirrel I'm talking about, my dear, lived on oak trees. He ate them."

Here Knarf and Handi, astonished at what Mr. Punch just said, exclaimed together: "Aie oak trees!"

"Positively," said Mr. Punch. "He ate an oak tree for breakfast, three or four oak trees for lunch, and a half a dozen more for supper. By the end of the week, he usually ate a good-sized forest of oak trees."

Mr. Punch stopped to light up his pipe. Knarf and Handi looked at each other. Much as they liked Mr. Punch, and much as they enjoyed listening to what he told them, they found it quite impossible now to believe that any squirrel could eat oak trees.

Not Large Either

"And he wasn't a big squirrel either," continued Mr. Punch. "He was the usual grey, bushy-tailed squirrel that you can see every day in the week, begging for peanuts in the park."

"Then how could he eat oak trees?" Knarf demanded.

"Just chewed them up," said Mr. Punch.

Finding that Knarf and Handi were looking more and more puzzled, Mr. Punch finally said: "I see that I'll have to do a little explaining to you."

"This squirrel friend of mine was pretty clever. He enjoyed eating outside all right, but he was no fool. He didn't feel like spending all day, or several days (or even several months) gnawing away at an oak tree, especially as this meant staying away from his own home and family which he was eating. If so what, he used to go way to take the oak trees up to his own little room in an elm tree."



This squirrel was the usual grey, with a bushy tail.

forest of oak trees in my pocket."

This time Handi looked at her brother. "You could, Knarf?"

"Well," said Knarf gleefully, "I'd just go out and fill my pocket with acorns. Each acorn is a little oak tree, isn't it?"

Should Have Guessed

Handi looked very sheepish. "I guess I wasn't thinking very hard," she admitted. "I should have guessed that too."

Mr. Punch smiled again. "Lots of us eat enormous things and we never think anything of it. For example, we eat part of an oat field every time we eat a bowl of oatmeal. And we eat part of a wheat field, every time we eat a slice of bread."

"And we eat cows, too," said Knarf.

"Yes," said Handi. "And every time we eat an apple, and we swallow the seeds, that means we've swallowed a whole apple orchard."

"And a banana plantation when we eat a banana," said Mr. Punch.

"And a row of potatoes when we eat a potato," said Knarf.

"But, Mr. Punch," said Handi in a troubled voice, "if everybody eats oak trees, and apple orchards, and banana plantations, and rows of potatoes, and wheat fields, and cow fields, how can anything be left to grow?"

"Oh," said Mr. Punch, "there's still plenty. There are millions and millions of seeds. Not all the squirrels in all the world could eat all the acorns. And we can keep right on eating."

"He had no trouble at all," said Mr. Punch. "He put it right in his mouth."

Rupert and the Compass—16



Wondering what his pal was up to, Rupert returned to the tree. "Look up, Rupert," said Edward. "I've got a little thing for you in the trunk."

"Thank you very much," said Rupert. "Which foot do I take first?"

"That's all right," said Rupert. "I'll take it all around to see what the little compass says."

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"DARTMOUTH"	Leaves Hongkong	Due London
"CORFU"	12th March	15th April
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due 23rd Feb.	for Singapore, Penang, Colombo, Bombay & Karachi direct Persian Gulf Ports via Bombay	
"ORMARA"		
due 25th Feb.	for Japan	
"QZARDA"		
due 15th Mar.	for Singapore, Calcutta, Rangoon, Chittagong, Penang, Aden, Port Said, Genoa, Marseilles, Havre, London, Antwerp, Rotterdam, Hamburg & Copenhagen	

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"EASTERN"		
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Page 22 SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1954.

BIG CROWD PROTESTS AT AUSTRIAN

JOHN CLARKE'S CASEBOOK

Mick Returns

It is just about two months since this column told the story of a boy called Mick, whose life had all been spent in orphanages and other institutions, and who one day was arrested for trying to steal from parked cars.

Instead of punishing him, Sir Laurence Dunne, the Chief Magistrate, when he had heard Mick's story from the police, and had been told there was nothing much known against the boy, put him on probation. It sounded then as if that might be the "break" that for Mick was overdue.

He went off with the probation officer, Mr. Badger, who found him home where he lived, and on the following day took Mick along to the Employment Exchange, to ask about a job.

'GOOD LUCK, OY'

At the Employment Exchange, they were sympathetic and friendly. They went through their lists and found what seemed just the job for a 19-year-old who had no particular trade to his own.

They gave Mick a slip of paper. "There you are," they said. "Go round to that address tomorrow morning, and you should be all right. Good luck, boy."

Mick pocketed the paper, took his leave of Mr. Badger, and promised to let him know how he got along in the new job. Under the probation order, he was in any case obliged to report progress.

"And that," said Mr. Badger, the other morning, "was the last I saw of him."

THE VANISHING TRICK

MICK stood in the dock at Bow Street again. He had pleaded guilty to breaking his probation order by doing the vanishing trick.

The boy wore the same clothes as he had done two months earlier, a macintosh wind-cheater and dark blue trousers; but he wore a quite different expression now. Then, he had been solemn and apprehensive. Now, a smile played about his lips that quite eloquently said: "I took you all in, didn't I?"

"I gather," said Mr. Badger, from the witness-box, "that he left the hostel after one night there, and never bothered to apply for the job that was found for him."

"I waited for him to report to me, but he never came, so I enlisted the help of the police, who had told me he might always be found hanging around the West End."

'A NICE LIFE, BUT ...'

"HOW'S he been living?" Sir Laurence asked. His expression was different, too, from when first he heard Mick's story.

"The police tell me he spends most of his time in fun-fairs," said the probation officer.

"A very nice existence, no doubt," said Sir Laurence, "but what does he use for money?"

"I think people have been giving him money from time to time," said the probation officer.

"Some of the women in the West End," he himself resists any suggestion that he has been helped with money.

"What do you want to say?" Sir Laurence asked Mick.

SCORN, CONTEMPT

"I GOT nothing to say," Mick answered, overlooking the words with scorn for his surroundings.

"Well, in the week ahead, you'd better think up a good excuse to prevent me from sending you to Sessions on a view to Borstal," said the Chief Magistrate.

"I shall remind you in any case, for a report on your suitability for Borstal training."

Mick shrugged his shoulders and went off with a brazen smile to show his contempt and pity for all those who, with pity, had tried to help him.

'What's His Line?' Solution

QUIZ MASTER
 London Express Service

STALEMATE

25,000 People

Gather In Vienna Streets

Vienna, Feb. 19.

A crowd of about 25,000 people carrying banners gathered in front of the City Hall today to protest against the failure of the Berlin Foreign Ministers conference to give Austria a state treaty.

Slogans on the banners said "give us our state treaty," "away with the occupation," and "liberty is indivisible and Austria must be free."

In intense cold and icy wind, they heard the Vice Chancellor, Dr. Adolf Schöner, Chairman of the Socialist Party, say "we know the Russian proposal means that our peace and freedom are to be postponed for an indefinite time."

Cricket

British Guiana Collapse: Wardle, 6/77

Georgetown Feb. 19.

The M.C.C. were in a very strong position at the close of the third day's play in their match against British Guiana following a disastrous collapse by the home side after tea.

At the tea adjournment British Guiana had made 225 for four, but upon resumption the remaining six wickets fell for the addition of only 37 runs, the Guianians realising 292-345 behind the M.C.C.'s first innings score of 607.

Made to follow on, British Guiana had made 10 for the loss of G. Gibbs wicket before stumps were drawn for the day.

Robert Christian and Clifford McWatt put on 89 for the fourth wicket. Christian played attractive strokes, including two pulls off Lock which yielded a six and a four a successive overs from the Surrey bowler.

Wardle, still the best bowler, tempted him into a mis-hit when he had made 75 and was caught by Freeman.

Invitation To Jordan and Israel

United Nations, New York, Feb. 19.

The United Nations Secretary-General, Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld, today invited the Jordan and Israel Governments to meet at Jerusalem under his Chairmanship.

The meeting would discuss precise points arising out of the implementing of the armistice agreement, he said. The date of the meeting is to be settled by the two Governments concerned. —France-Press.

DARTWORDS SOLUTION

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Game Cancelled

The Army-Police Pentangular Rugby "A" tournament, which was to have been played at the R.M. Club, has been cancelled.

Nationalist China's View Of Geneva Talks

New York, Feb. 19.

A statement made in Formosa by the Chinese Nationalist Foreign Minister, Dr. George Yeh, denouncing the Big Four decision to sponsor a Far Eastern conference at Geneva on April 26, was distributed at United Nations headquarters today.

Dr. Yeh said while such a conference would appear to be similar to the Korean political conference, it assumed different meanings inasmuch as the four powers had now become the sponsors without reference to the United Nations.

The statement said the presence of the Chinese Communists at the conference in Geneva would not improve the chances of peace in Korea and the Far East. Neither would the holding of the conference under the auspices of the four powers instead of the United Nations.

The Nationalist Foreign Minister said that neither his Government nor the Chinese people could recognize the validity of any decision affecting their interests, which might be reached at such a conference. —Reuter.

Mohammed Ali Says

Turco-Pakistan Communique Not Aggressive

Karachi, Feb. 19.

The Pakistan Premier, Mohammed Ali, declared in a statement released here today that the Turco-Pakistan communique published today represents the first "concrete step towards strengthening the Muslim world."

"I need hardly say the decision is not conceived in any aggressive spirit or purpose," he said.

The purpose of this Turco-Pakistan collaboration, Mohammed Ali declared, was solely to contribute as far as possible to the "promotion of peace and security generally in the common interest of all nations."

Commenting on the statement of Turco-Pakistan collaboration published here today, Mohammed Ali said that a close study of the proposals and objects of the agreement had already begun.

"The Treaty of Friendship signed on July 20, 1951, between Turkey and Pakistan provided that there shall be perpetual peace and friendly relations between the two nations. The present decision takes that desire a step further."

Mohammed Ali added that it helps the cause of world peace everywhere. —France-Press.

BRITISH WELCOME

London, Feb. 19.

The British Government welcomed the joint announcement by the Pakistan and Turkish Governments today that an agreement had been signed for closer co-operation between the two countries, a Foreign Office spokesman said here tonight.

British diplomatic circles pointed out that the agreement was "primarily political and has no immediate military significance."

It is believed that the agreement is a "useful starting point" in connection with overall defence plans for the Middle East. —France-Press.

DID YOU FIND THE TREASURE?

The treasure cannot be at X, the pirates could not have loaded there because of the swamp and the rocky coast. It cannot be at A because the route from the beach passes through a village and the pirates would have been seen. It would not be at C, the treasure would have been lost in all that sand, with nothing to identify the spot. It cannot be at D, half-way up a volcano, or at E, a swampy land, and again not at F, a village and cannibal country. X is a small boat and buried in the sand of the river.

Navarre Would Object To Americans Training Vietnam Army

Salmon, Feb. 19.

General Henri Navarre, the French Commander in Indo-China, and M. Maurice Dejean, the French High Commissioner, tonight denied rumours there were differences between them about the conduct of Indo-Chinese political and military affairs.

"We have always found solutions for joint proposals to the French Government," Mr Dejean told a press conference.

Confirming M. Dejean's statement, General Navarre said the war in Indo-China was a political and military affair and that "all decisions were taken with the Commissioner-General's approval."

Referring to the appointment of General John O'Daniel as head of the United States Military Mission in Indo-China, General Navarre said he would object to the Americans taking over the training of the Vietnamese Army. This was because he did not believe that Korean war experience could be totally applied to Indo-China, he said.

(President Eisenhower said on February 17 that General O'Daniel's appointment did not imply any criticism of the Vietnam Army training, but the Defence Department explained that the General was being sent in case the mission could be enlarged to include training activity.)

General Navarre said if the Vietnam Army grew strong enough in the next year, it would be possible to snatch all important areas from the Vietnamese and compel them "to come to terms."

M. Dejean said France would not negotiate and the war without the participation of the Associated States.

(A spokesman in Paris for M. Dejean said today the American Embassy in Indo-China had never made any proposals about American instructors taking part in the training of the national Indo-Chinese armies.)

STRONG POSITION

(The question of duties of the American Military Mission being extended has never been brought up and does not arise.)

M. Dejean added France expected if it were possible to negotiate with China at the Big Five conference in Geneva to ask China to stop helping the rebels and thus shorten the war.

Meanwhile, he said it was well that the French Union forces should gather the maximum strength and constantly improve their military position "to be in a strong position if negotiations open."

In the field today, reports said that Communists had captured the French post of Dak Do, about 20 kilometres (13 miles) north of Pleiku, in the Central Annam. —Reuter.

US AID INDISPENSABLE

Hanoi, Feb. 19.

The French Defence Minister, M. Rene Pleven, said tonight American aid was indispensable for carrying on the war in Indo-China, the French news agency reported.

"France alone with the Associated States cannot support all the burden of the war in this part of the world," he added.

M. Pleven, who was holding a press conference, said he would do everything in his power to improve the arms of the militia forces in the villages.

Slain After Rescuing Girl

Lüneburg, Germany, Feb. 19.

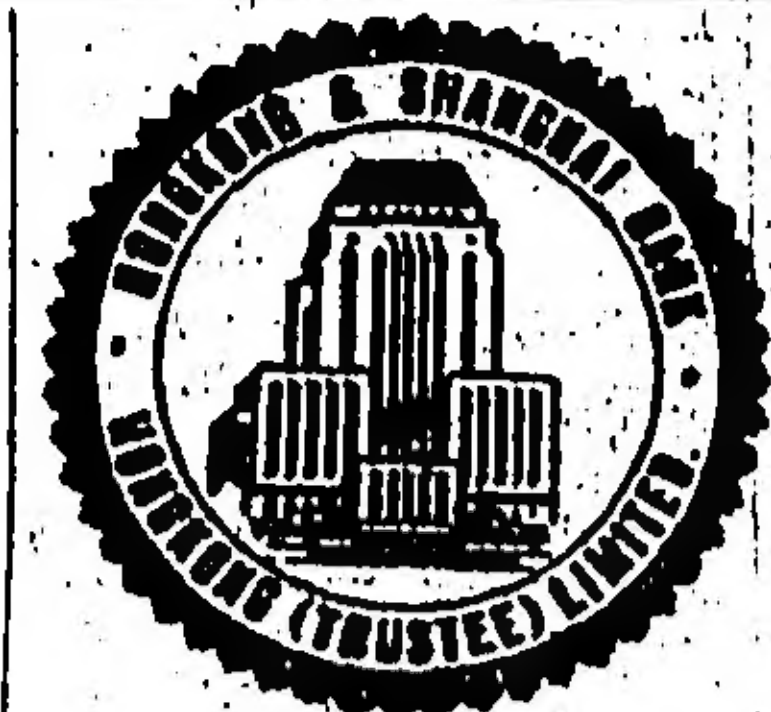
A young, unknown assailant tonight walked up behind 24-year-old Private Patty Burke of the British Army as the soldier, with his clothes still dripping wet from saving a German girl from drowning, was walking to his barracks, and killed him with three vicious blows on the head.

Private Burke, it was revealed, a few minutes earlier had plunged, fully-clothed into the Ilmenau River to save a German girl from drowning. The girl was understood to be a 20-year-old servant, who tried to drown herself after a quarrel with her fiancé. —France-Press.

Eden Reports To Churchill

London, Feb. 19.

British Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden reported to Sir Winston Churchill, the Prime Minister, on the Berlin conference tonight when he had dinner with the Prime Minister. —Reuter.



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NOTICE

ROYAL ENGINEERS ASSOCIATION Hong Kong

The Annual General Meeting of the Royal Engineers' Association will be held at the Naafi Club, Chatham Road, Kowloon on Tuesday 23rd February, 1954 at 6.30 p.m. All past and present members of the Corps of Royal Engineers' (including affiliated units) are cordially invited to attend.

NOTICE

HONG KONG SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF CHILDREN

The Annual General Meeting of the Hong Kong Society for the Protection of Children will be held in the Board Room of the South China Morning Post, Ltd., at 5.30 p.m. on Thursday, 25th February, 1954.

All members are earnestly requested to be present and an invitation is cordially extended to members of the public interested in Child Welfare.

ST. DAVID'S SOCIETY

The Programme for the celebration of St. David's Day this year will include —

1. Friday, February 26 — Dinner and dance at the Peninsula Hotel.

2. Sunday, February 28 — Special Welsh Service at the Methodist Church, Queen's Road East at 11 a.m.

3. Sunday, February 28 — At the Hong Kong Cricket Club about 5.15 p.m. — by the kind permission of Lt. Col. B.T.V. Cowey D.S.O. —

Beating of Retreat by the Band and Drums of the 1st Battalion The Welsh Regiment when the Colours will be on parade and the Battalion Choir will be in attendance.

After the Beating of the Retreat a combined cocktail party will be given at the Cricket Club by the Officers of the Battalion and the St. David's Society.

4. Monday, March 1 — At 11 a.m. Laying of a wreath at the Cenotaph by the Officers and men of the 1st Battalion The Welsh Regiment and the Society and march past by a detachment from the Battalion with the Band and Drums.

Further information may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary — J. Llewellyn, 14 Macdonnell Road, (Tel. 38988) and all applications for dinner tickets should be addressed with remittance to R.T.K. Jones, c/o Lowe Bingham & Matthews, Alexandra House.



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8.00 a.m. Holy Communion. 7.00 p.m. Evening Service. (Other services arranged at any time by request.)

NOTICE

HONG KONG SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

The Office of the Society is situated at Beaconfield Arcade, Queen's Road Central, Hong Kong.

Members and the Public can contact an Official of the Society by dialling 37870 by day and 37594 by night.

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